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Acres of Ashes



*THE STORY OF THE GREAT
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA,
FIRE, MAY 3, 1901* ❀❀❀❀

BY
BENJAMIN HARRISON



Price 25 Cents

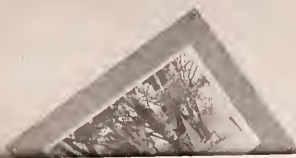
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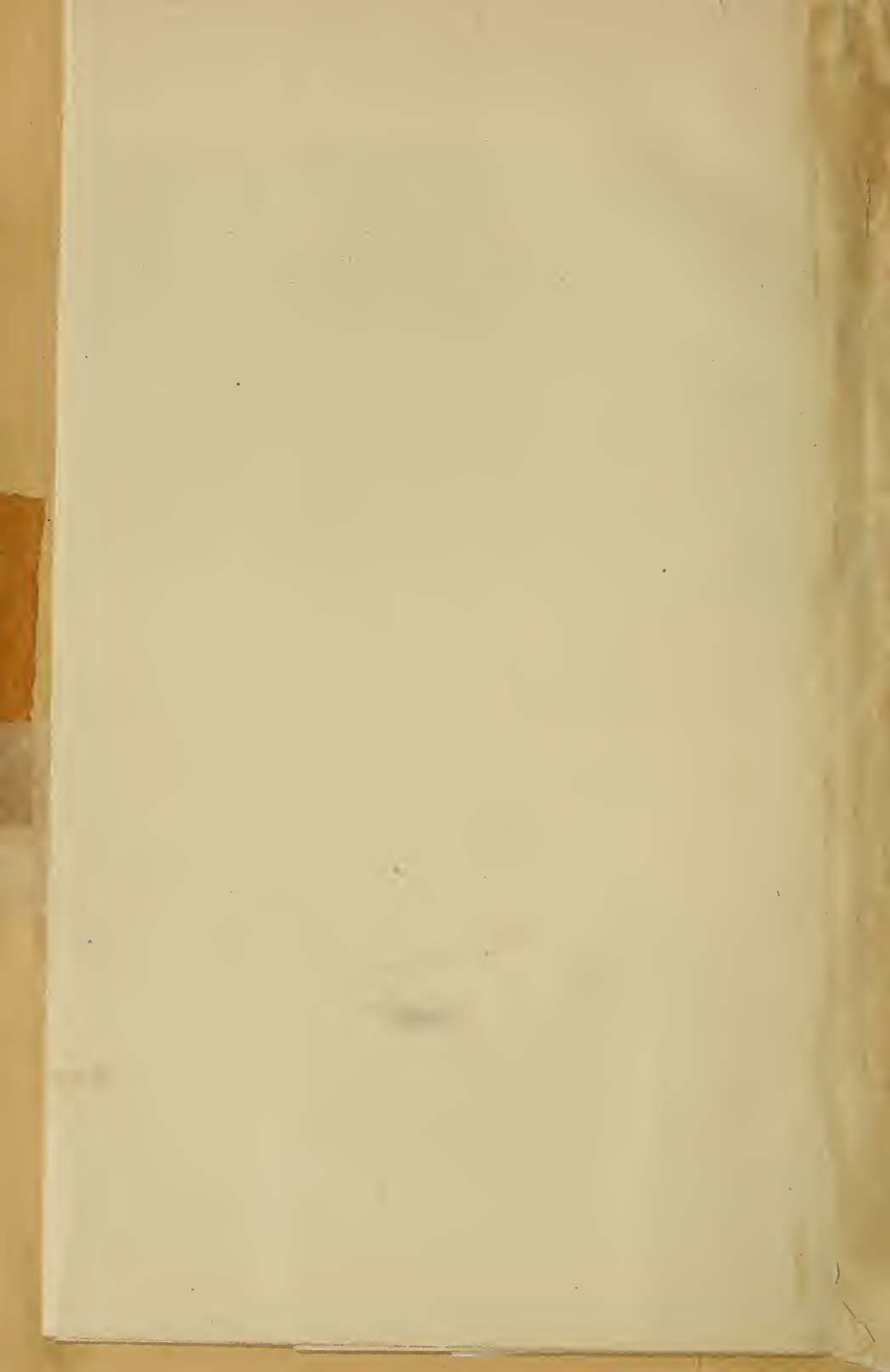
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1880
1881



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BURNT DISTRICT OF JACKSONVILLE, AS SEEN FROM AN ELEVATION.





ACRES OF ASHES



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THE STORY OF THE GREAT FIRE THAT SWEEPED
OVER THE CITY OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA,
ON THE AFTERNOON OF FRIDAY. MAY 3,
1901, RESULTING IN THE LOSS OF
SEVEN LIVES, DESTROYING OF
\$15,000,000 IN PROPERTY.
TOTAL INSURANCE
LESS THAN
\$5,000,000

By BENJAMIN HARRISON



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F319

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IMPRIMIS.

The fuller relation of the history of the Jacksonville fire is a duty our city owes to itself as well as to those who visited her in want. It is fitting that the details of the picture be filled in lest some fail to realize the depths out of which a cry for help was forced from our lips—it is required that we render an accounting by showing that good use was made of the supplies heaped in overflowing measure in answer to that call. This little book seeks but to do this—it but tells how the loss befell us, how bitter was our need, how generous was the response from the whole people and how fully the wishes of the donors were made a law to those clothed with the responsibility of the distribution,

If this purpose is served it is well—less we could not do.

J. E. T. Bowden,

Mayor of Jacksonville.

INTRODUCTION

It is proper that a record of the Jacksonville fire be given a form more accessible than that of the newspaper and more enduring than the ruins it left in its path. The chronicle of such suffering and the generosity that relieved it, the fortitude that endured and the means by which the social obligations were preserved in the midst of a disorganized mass of human beings, should furnish a lesson to the living as well as a moral to the historian—such conditions may prevail again and the study of an experience will not be wasted. The soldier who was a part of the battle is rarely the man to describe it, and it may be that we who passed through the Moloch of the old Jacksonville to the glories of the new should leave to others the discussion of the relation our trials bear to the passing problem of municipal American life, yet it may be pleaded in excuse that the chronicle is ever the primary form of history and the bud must precede the flower.

Upon these bare facts may be built the de-

ACRES OF ASHES.

veloped truth vital to the comprehension of a complex national life. Here we see a great people forming a family so close that one unit of it is not allowed to want till hunger pinches all. In Jacksonville ten thousand people went supperless and homeless for one night, but they took breakfast together, a state waited upon their dinner table and a continent furnished the supper and the bed before another sun sank to rest. The memory of the need and the relief will never pass from the memory of Floridians and we hope it will be forever sweet to those who gave.

FRANCIS P. FLEMING.

The Story of the Jacksonville Fire.

Upon the State of Florida the morning of Friday, May 3, dawned to show every promise of hope and prosperity. Down the long peninsula crawled trains that labored with the weight of tourists returning to the north and west after a winter which had filled every hotel in the land to overflowing and gladdened the hearts of the landlords. The golf links and the tennis grounds were deserted and some of the great hotels were closed for the season, but many lingered before returning in view of the late frosts and all felt reluctant to turn their backs on a time and place of so much enjoyment. In orange grove and pineapple plantation, on truck farm and tobacco field, laborers appeared and the work of the day began.

In the valley of the St. Johns a light mist hovered and through this a steamer of the Clyde Line pushed its way and its smoke added yet another element of darkness to the local obscurity. Then the sun rose, the mist dissolved into a silver radi-

ACRES OF ASHES.

ance and swept upward—a brilliant sun shone down and all nature basked in the light that betokened a summer's day at its best.

In Jacksonville the mist hung while life began after the sleep of a peaceful night, but labor scarcely appeared on the streets before the heat rays were unpleasantly felt—horses fell into the slow pace that was to endure till the noon and the drivers began to wipe their perspiring foreheads. The day had begun in earnest and breadwinning demands its devotees. Shutters began to fall and then the doors of business houses were opened. The pedestrians became other than those who hurried to work and at the markets the housewives appeared and the telephones rang continuously. Soon smoke from steaming kitchens hung over the residences, there were calls from dooryards to dooryards and the new roses were seen and admired. Breakfast was eaten and then work possessed the city from end to end. At the street corners men lingered for a moment to discuss the news of the morning paper and the hospitality the President was receiving in the South seemed the topic of greatest interest.

So peaceful and assured dawned the day for a city that was to be blotted out of existence within a few hours! so assured is the American in the

ACRES OF ASHES.

present and future secured by his laws and controlled by himself. Hotter shone the sun. At the offices of the Times-Union and Citizen the city editor gave out his assignments and reporters lamented the dearth of any topics of sensational or absorbing interest. The story with the least appearance of public interest was accepted as a God's send; one prominent citizen when asked said, "There is no news," and was told, "You must keep something going or how can we make a readable paper after Aguinaldo subsides."

During this time a fibre factory on the extreme northwestward limit of the city proper had roused itself and its material filled a large yard, one side of which fronted Madison street, extending a whole block except as the building occupied the northeastern corner. In this yard fibre from the vats was spread to dry and some was already dry. From the platform rose a steam under the influence of the sun's rays. At noon the workmen in the building went out into the yard and sat in the open air to eat dinner. On the west stood some negro cabins and there, also, dinners were being prepared. Now these cabins possessed chimneys of wonderful design but all defective in much—it was a common thing for sparks to fly from them and a watch over the fibre was always necessary

ACRES OF ASHES.

when the wind was high and swept towards the east. Now the wind was so light no danger was feared, though the direction was right, and the watchman sat with the factory hands to dinner. There was a little scurry of wind and smoke rose from the wide platform. One grumbled, rose, took a bucket of water and extinguished the fire. But in doing so he noticed that little blazes glowed in the mass of fibre and he called for help. The workmen went to his assistance and bucket after bucket of water was poured on—to no purpose. While this was being done the first breath of the coming wind swept over the yard, the fragments caught and fire ran along the ground with the speed of powder flashes. Into the building itself these followed the debris—here they found fresh material on the floor and in racks—the great room was immediately a mass of flames and the alarm of fire was sent in to notify the department of the danger that menaced Cleveland's Fibre Factory. The engines came on the run, the firemen were at work before the horses stopped and streams were poured upon the flames.

But the drought had been prolonged, the building was of pitch pine with a roof of shingles combustible as tinder—water evaporated or seemed but fuel to the flames. With a roar the roof fell

ACRES OF ASHES.

in and then was added a feature for which all experience had left us unprepared. Excited by the heat the wind had risen and swept in fitful gusts over the city—from the glowing depths of the unroofed factory masses of flaming moss rose high and were carried over the city in every direction by eddies or far to the east by the breeze. They fell on the shingle roofs surrounding the fire limit, in backyards, and they drifted through open windows and against curtains that dallied in the wind. Chief Haney had sent in the general alarm to the fire department and all his force was with him or coming. He had stood foremost against the heat and flame and he still poured a river on the factory; he turned from his work and dashed his eyes clear with his hand to find a city on fire behind him. The alarm had been sent in at 12:35—it was not yet 1, but smoke and flame rose on three sides of him and he stood on an island. Hastily he divided his men and machines—he sent one detachment straight to the east in front of the fire—another to the westward to guard the residences and business blocks in that direction. He went to the front as the post of danger and worked there with despair already at his heart.

But Hansontown was now a furnace—a suburb of pine shanties to the northwestward of the city—

ACRES OF ASHES.

with the wind behind. High overhead swept blazing shingles and the air was thick with flames—as the roofs of Hansontown fell in, beds rose bodily and carried their material far ahead—the firemen stood under a roof of flame, and the conflagration swept over them beyond the reach of their engines. It was 1 o'clock.

A thick pall of smoke covered half the city; as far as Bridge street a river of flame swept up from the west and north—the firemen stopped there and fought grimly but despairingly. Then the fiery shower fell again behind them—the residences on Cedar street flushed into flame on their roofs, and, at last, wagons began to remove household effects systematically. Yet not even now was the situation appreciated—from blazing houses goods were removed and carried two or three blocks to be left while the wagons and drays hurried back to help others. The heat was terrible—brick walls crumbled—pictures taken from the rooms ignited on the sidewalks and these caught bedding and books. Women wailed and children screamed—far ahead of the conflagration roofs caught and appeals for help came in when every fireman was at his appointed post.

The streets were filled with the shrieks of women and of men who strove to comfort or guard

ACRES OF ASHES.

them from the effects of their frenzy—through the crowds hurrying horses raced and blazing heaps that were lately valuables drew about them mournful groups. Leaping over the noble residences of Messrs. Porter and Ware, embowered in trees, the fiery shower descended upon a little house at the corner of Laura and Church—that flushed into flame as does the sky at the touch of dawn. About this were some of the finest residences in the city, those of Senator Taliaferro, of Vice-President Parrott of the East Coast Railroad and Messrs. Ware and Porter on the opposite corners. Down upon these with the fire in front rushed the army of flames from the rear and little was saved because the heat in the streets was so unbearable. A devoted stableman attempted to save Mr. Parrott's fine team and the horses were in an agony of fright—they reared and plunged but ever they were guided out and their struggles carried them farther from danger till they were given their heads and ran faster than even the racing flames.

On West Duval street the flames made a chimney of the thoroughfare and rushed in wrath to conquer and devour—on the north side they outsped their rivals on the other so that after the intersection of Cedar there was some hope of saving the south side. Encouraged by even this glimpse

ACRES OF ASHES.

of hope to ward off destruction from Bay street the firemen made an exhaustive effort and poured rivers upon the block west of the Windsor Hotel. But far to the west the flames had also charged along Monroe street, and as the firemen fought on Duval Dr. Dean's residence on Monroe sent a volcano of heat charged with lightning to mock their efforts. Before this walls fell and great oak trees blackened—a death trap was being set in front of them and they rushed out barely in time, leaving their hose on Julia street.

From Julia to Madison was now an ocean of flames that seemed to envelop the heavens—north and south they stretched from Monroe to the edge of the city—half a mile wide and half a mile deep. But the appetite of the conflagration was still unsatisfied—it saw the hotel quarter in front and it gathered new strength for the fresh food. Along Church the fire had already crossed Julia, now it made the line solid and the army followed the skirmishers to attack the Windsor which occupied a solid block on the Duval side and the same front on Hogan. But wooden structures occupied one corner of the block and these blazed up without a pause. Into the hotel many had carried the goods saved hitherto, furniture and books had been piled in the halls—it was crowded with guests. Now

ACRES OF ASHES.

on the certainty of danger the scene was fearful—a mass of humanity struggled and surged into the street and parted like the waves of the sea as each followed his own judgment. Terror that was despair with many now drove the crowd—it had been followed relentlessly, it had been chased from pillar to post—was there no end to this calamity?

Then the great Windsor and St. James were blazing and soon became furnaces; they radiated heat far and wide, the flame of their burning ascended to heaven and they groaned with thunderous voices in their agony. To this dread partnership the opera house now joined itself—the poor plants in Hemming Park withered and twisted themselves into ashes and the cement that joined the Confederate soldier to the marble shaft blazed redly through the smoke. Around the pedestal of the figure some had piled family pictures an hour ago—others hoped something might be safe in the center of this block with its splashing fountain that then looked so green, and the accumulation grew to include bedding and books. Perhaps the fierce heat was enough—perhaps a spark flew, but all now blazed and passed into ashes in a breath except a few family portraits which still showed the ghastly likeness of their

ACRES OF ASHES.

former selves in the gray light of Saturday morning.

Now the flames were racing on with a width of half a mile from Hogan's creek to Forsyth within two blocks of Bay. Just at this time the spectacle was appalling to the stoutest heart. In front and around the flaming district men and women wandered seeking the lost—wildly excited but always peaceable and helpful. Some had sent the ladies of their families into Springfield, but now became possessed with uneasiness as to their fate, for it seemed impossible to restrain the fire within the limits of Hogan's creek—families in Springfield were loading their effects on wagons and the wildest rumors were afloat as to occurrences on the other side.

An attempt to make this trip under these circumstances led to the discovery of a remarkable fact—the combustibles floating in the air were firing buildings several hundred yards in front of the conflagration. While the St. James was still burning it was impossible to head off the flames to cross into Springfield except by passing Laura, Main, Ocean and Newnan streets, while on Market buildings were falling and blazes flashing from many houses yet beyond. However, it was still possible by rushing under the fire and smoke, and

ACRES OF ASHES.

along this perilous way a steady stream of passengers went with all manner of burdens from feather beds and mirrors to children.

Along this dolorous line ladies struggled in thin slippers and dainty dresses with their cooks and the refuse of the city, but the rough were tender now and the strong supported the weak. Exhausted, one would drop a burden and another would take it in turn for a rod—one would take a child from its mother's arms and proceed until a wave in this sea of humanity would force the two apart—then the mother's voice of fear would add a new terror to the scene.

Arrived at the Market street bridge over Hogan's creek, the jam of humanity made the passage like that of swimming against the tide—now you won a foot and then two were lost. Into this mass passed the whisper that the gas works on the bank just above must explode soon and the struggle became more fierce, but at its fiercest, a woman fell, and there was a general pause till she could be pulled from under foot. Perhaps this incident saved lives, for the force was already straining the balusters of the bridge and only these kept the crowd out of the water.

Within ten minutes after this struggle was over the fire had surged down on the shanties lining the

ACRES OF ASHES.

southern shore and a return was impossible—the creek was still the northern fire limit. In Springfield reports had spread that the fire had already crossed, but those who now came refuted this and some confidence began to be felt.

Meantime in the center of the march Liberty street had now been crossed and the flames were hottest as they attacked the public buildings and the armory. The latter had the reputation of being fireproof, it was a most imposing building, reared as a place of strength. Here the people of the neighborhood with their valuables hurried and these were piled to the ceiling in the guard room and other apartments. The skirmishers of the coming army recoiled before its strength and devoted themselves to the work of heating it from the surrounding buildings. This they accomplished so thoroughly that when the grand attack came it crumbled like an egg shell, its walls went down together, and here would have been the climax of the day in great loss of life had not the previous heat driven out all the refugees. But tons and tons of valuables were changed into ashes in a breath.

The county court house had been built in the old style and its brick walls were known to be solid and thick; here seemed another castle of

ACRES OF ASHES.

refuge and to it the people flocked with their goods. The clerk of the circuit court knew his safes were worthless under such a trial as this would prove and he consulted with other officials who agreed with him that the only chance of saving his papers was to take them into the court house. This was done and all waited the result. Down came the flames and licked up the one-story buildings opposite that the clerk had occupied—they struck the court house, but could not break the line. Then the Law building on the other corner became a flaming volcano and it radiated heat against the walls of the court house as a regiment shoots its volleys. The red bricks changed to pale, then they glowed so fiercely the eye could not rest upon them—but they stood. The roof crushed in, but the walls stood—the Law building fell, but the walls of the stout court house would not yield and the enemy retired discomfited. Yet dearly was the defiance made good—everything within was calcined as would be the contents of a metal tube thrown in the fire—of the county building only the walls remain, while the records are but dust and ashes.

Yet onward swept the fire. It had now broadened its sweep to the river and brushed the edge of the stream. Boats were hurried out, steamers

ACRES OF ASHES.

puffed away in fear and those along the river began to flock into South Jacksonville, thinking the river the only defence against the fire. Along the bank were foundries and brick buildings—these were levelled. Back were the handsome residences built by many wealthy citizens with that of S. B. Hubbard overlooking the river. These were attacked from front and rear at the same moment and crumbled down like houses of cards. Behind them were blocks of wooden buildings—all were borne down to the edge of the marsh.

Across Hogan's creek here as it bends to meet the river were mills with piles of lumber—let these be reached and Fairfield must share the fate of Jacksonville. No engines were available, but a bucket brigade responded nobly to the call and the flames were crushed out as soon as they caught—they never gained a foothold. Here the mighty rush of the conflagration was stayed—the marsh with its width of green grass, the creek and brave buckets bore down the weary monster and beat him to helplessness at last—Fairfield, the mills and the railroad were saved. But the flames recoiled and went back on its tracks from the Mohawk building and the United States Hotel—along the river these were all massive brick structures.

ACRES OF ASHES.

Night had come and since 12:30 the fire had swept through the most thickly populated part of the city, destroying every house but four on an area of six hundred acres—these being the Thompson Novelty Works, a shanty along the line of the Valdosta road and two houses, one a store and one a dwelling, where Adams crosses Hogan.

And, as darkness fell what horrors were added to the scene! From the top of the great tower at the waterworks in Springfield only the white government building lifted itself unscathed on the southern boundary of the onward rush, though the recoil after dark drew the line along the river closer and closer. Above hovered a pall of inky blackness; below spectral flames hovered and lit up the dread spectacle from the ground as the flames beneath the stage in Faust vainly strive to give us an idea of the infernal regions. In mid air the network of wires stretched like skeletons upheld by the blazing arms which were dropping a fiery rain—the gaunt chimneys reared themselves like memorial stones.

It is 6 o'clock and from the tower a man is seen to cross Hogan's creek on the Laura street bridge and enter the burned district. He is one whose duties call him to Bay street and he will cross if the task be possible—he carries his bicycle

ACRES OF ASHES.

that return may be swift in case of need, but the street is so encumbered that he will put the wheel to the ground only as a last resort. His anxious wife waits on the bridge because she cannot rest at home, knowing the task before him. His gait is at first swift and confident, but we see him place his handkerchief over his face. The smoke descends and and hides him, but he emerges and proceeds. But the heat increases—he does not halt, but he peers anxiously before him—the way grows worse instead of better. He reaches the summit of the first hill on Laura street which was once shaded even from the rays of the nooday sun by the royal oaks lining the street—now flames quiver all over the pavement and the bricks glow with fervent heat—he turns back for mortal strength and nerves may not endure that path. He does not reach the bridge a moment too soon—he reels and is almost overcome by the heat and smoke. His wife receives him and they pass back by Hammatt's woodyard, to which the flames have leaped across the creek.

Scenes Among the Homeless.

Now this fire from Hammatt's yard lights up a scene strange beyond description. Here is a

ACRES OF ASHES.

non-descript population along the banks of the creek that does not need the pencil of Dore to lend a weird light that never shone before on land or sea. The softest cheek ever nourished by Caucasian blood seems yellow and drawn under the firelight—the blackest African flushes into saffron and the eyes emit a gleam that seems borrowed from the cat's eye or the angry panther's. Up to the tower from this aggregation of humanity floats a murmur which never becomes articulate—sometimes it has the hard tone of remonstrance with heaven for the cruelty of the visitation—sometimes many join in the crooning of a camp-meeting hymn; often there is the shriek of a mother separated from a child in the terror of the time and her agony must find vent.

But at 7 the street had cooled and it seemed possible to pass through the burned district from Hogan's creek to Bay street, though this was still no pleasant trip. Even the bridge was crowded with those who had fled from the fire—they were now putting up all sorts and descriptions of coverings to shield the babies and the old or sick from the dews of the night. Then came a few yards of deep sand upon which the fire could take no hold; after this there was only the hot street under foot and the heaps of ashes on each hand. There

ACRES OF ASHES.

was a tangle of wire on the pavement—a cloud of intermingled and intertwined wires overhead, and these were all hot. Occasionally, even with the best of care, one of these would catch around the ankle, and then a leap would precipitate the pedestrian into worse trouble—a keen eye and a cool nerve was needed for such a walk.

The day before Laura was one of the finest residence streets in the city, embowered in the shade of oaks that made coolness at noontide in the center of the highway; on either hand the fine homes of the McQuaids, the Prides, of Alderman Smith, the two Sable brothers, the Fairhead residence, that of Mr. Furchgott, the Dalton boarding house, the synagogue and the St. James Hotel at the intersection of Duval. Around was desolation indeed—a dull glow shone from the ashes—flames burned fitfully on the poles overhead supporting the wires that remained suspended and the lonely chimneys everywhere. In the park the palmetto fronds drooped despondently and smaller plants merely marked the earth with brown heaps; the great trees in front of the St. James held up their stumps to the sky and shone as blackened skeletons only.

From this elevation the view ran unobstructed to Bay, for to the east the houses had been swept

ACRES OF ASHES.

away. On the river bank the fire still raged, beating back against the wind and fighting for its life. The engines were stationed in front of the Astor block and the fire was raging against the walls of the Western Union building—the Commercial Bank was a hopeless wreck. Its stout walls stood and gave the enemy pause, here the firemen won the final battle—no further could the enemy come and he died at Laura street. But there was still danger and the streams were poured upon the ruins during the whole night, while the crowds waited and watched.

It seemed the people of Jacksonville could not realize the measure of the calamity that had fallen upon them—men seemed stupefied except when driven into action by the loss of a friend or relative. Ten thousand people were homeless—1,700 houses had been consumed—an area of 455 acres in the heart of the city was desolate—except for four little structures it was a clean sweep two miles long and nearly a mile broad. Meantime appeals had gone to the Governor and at his order the State troops had sprung to arms and were hurrying to the city as fast as the trains could bring them. Captain Davis of the Gem City Guards received his telegraphic orders at 2 a. m., at 4 he had his company mustered at the station—

ACRES OF ASHES.

in the early dawn he reported in Jacksonville and went upon duty immediately.

In the offices of the Times-Union and Citizen every man was called upon to cover the field and the reporters rushed hither and thither as sensation after sensation developed. There was no power for the typesetting machines and the old hand cases were brought out from their dusty corners and set to work. Press telegrams had been sent out and in response particulars were demanded from every quarter. But how could these orders be filled when the offices of the Western Union was the limit of the district saved? Flames beat upon its outer walls and the crowds blocked its doors—the despatchers were obliged to suspend work with piles of messages unsent and the country had only the baldest news, so that the press did not understand the full measure of the calamity.

The Coming of Night.

But what a night was that!

From Bridge to Laura a thin fringe of twelve blocks, three deep, stood upon the river bank, but northward, eastward and westward of Hemming's Park stretched desolation unbroken save by three

ACRES OF ASHES.

small houses on the east; around this swept up the suburban towns like oases in a desert. Nearly in the center of this stood the Confederate soldier high on his marble column, facing a scene, still undismayed, such as confronted his prototype in the long ago. The waves of death had rushed up to his feet and had licked into ashes the costly piles left for him to guard, when the great hotels on either sides were blazing their fiercest, his pedestal glowed with fervent heat, but still he stood nor changed his attitude, though the stone quivered and flames flashed out of the cemented base. There the early morning found him, on guard where he was placed, true to duty and unchanged in aught save that the smoke of battle shrouded his form and the smell of conflict was on his garments. Yea, there he shall stand while heroism and patriotism endure, beloved alike of friend and those who once were foes. Hail to thee, O, soldier! Thy city shall rise again and the pledge of its resurrection is seen in the beam of morning now crowning thy imperishable front. But all the field now smoking under the eye of that bronze soldier was lately thronged with a seething mass of humanity in horrible conflict with the unchained forces of the elemental world—a struggle to which only the pen of Hugo could render justice. But,

ACRES OF ASHES.

to the eternal credit of the people of Jacksonville be it remembered, that through it all the brute passions of the human never broke loose; under every temptation there was courtesy to the female, consideration for the weak and tenderness from the strong. Man was opposed to the dread conflict that beset him in the Stone Age—comforting fire had been transmogrified into the volcanic immensities of destruction that were then transforming the old world to its present likeness, but man scorned to surrender his heritage of the ages and refused to degrade himself though he perished on the altar of his devotion—and the time was again when the martyr became the conqueror.

Without fear of contradiction the statement has been made that no negro forfeited the trust reposed in him when valuable goods were given to his care by those too excited to notice the number of his vehicle even; he often showed bad judgment, for who could dream the fire would run so far? But there was no looting—no stores accumulated by robbers have been found in the surrounding country—no evidence of cruelty or extortion has risen from the ashes of that dread afternoon and night to haunt with distrust and suspicion the future of our people.

ACRES OF ASHES.

A number of men were trying to save something from a house that reeled under the shock of the flames and one staggered against another and was drawn into the air. Leaning on the supporting shoulder, the fainting man looked up into the face, both smoke-begrimed and almost unrecognizable—utter strangers to each other. But the smile of recognition caught the eyes red with smoke and the drawn lips said, "I helped you at your house." "Were you the stranger?" said the other; "tell me your name." "To hell with your thanks," replied the one with a ghastly attempt at laughter, "this is no time for foolishness!" And the two turned again to their work. Never spoke a tenderer heart with a rougher voice—the reply was entirely typical. The recording angel that blotted out Uncle Toby's oath took the feeling for the words and never heard the imprecation save as a blessing. Among all the varied meanings into which the words of the president's English have been twisted it is still true that silence best bespeaks the American heart.

On Cedar street a citizen in caring for wife and children had been nearly caught in the rush of flame before he could send away a dray with a few clothes. Returning into the building he made a little bundle of most important articles and

ACRES OF ASHES.

sprang away without a coat. Two blocks off he overtook a weak old couple pushing a sewing machine which rolled haltingly on a sidewalk already growing hot. "Madam," said he, "you must leave this and save your lives; the fire is upon you." "How can I, sir?" sobbed the old mother; "this machine is the only support of my poor husband." Without a word the gentleman threw away his papers, raised the machine to his shoulder and staggered off with the infirm couple close at his heels, nor did he halt till he saw the three on board a steamer in the river. The ancients celebrated the piety of Aeneas who brought his father on his shoulders from burning Troy. The American owed no duty here save that of humanity and brotherhood. Often and often on that day of horror was the stranger taken in hand by the good Samaritan—never was he more nobly entreated than was this aged couple.

From a flaming house bedding and furniture and books were taken by willing hands for an old lady who promised a wagon would come. Time went by and no wagon appeared; the bedding caught fire, and one said to her, "Madam, you cannot stay here and we must go now." But she threw herself on the blazing pile and shrieked it was all she had now, and she wished to go with

ACRES OF ASHES.

it. They took her away by main strength. Is it not wonderful that suicides were not numerous?

The fire brushed the human insects off the face of the city and they settled in the vacant lots and under the trees of the surrounding territory, with the creeks for their protection. Here the families were camped, with no attempt at separation into groups; friends were twenty feet away and mourned for each other during all those terrible hours. Some had piled furniture so as to support bedding, or rugs, for canopy, and so made an excuse for a tent and the show of privacy. In many cases a few trunks became a little house that delighted a baby; from other little shelters issued the moans of the aged or feeble or sick. But there was sympathy of the sweetest and dearest; some had brought a frying pan, another a coffee pot; there was a little money for food brought from the stores around. One woman had left her purse and all the belongings of a comfortable home, but she had carried eight eggs in a little basket for hours. All these were shared—a man would bring a few sticks and over this dishes would be improvised for the children; all shared what was the common stock, though none knew whether they would find breakfast. A dolorous gathering, to which the flame of burning

ACRES OF ASHES.

homes gave light and from which the smoke shut out the sight of heaven.

Up and down the creek, catching a voice from each vacant lot, sweet now and then the deep tones of a camp meeting hymn, broken occasionally by the shrill wailing of a negress for a lost child! Then a storm of sobs would follow, muffled from the Caucasian by the habit of self-repression, loud and deep or piercing with savage notes from the African. "Bress de Lawd, dis am de day of judgment!" shouted a religious enthusiast. "Have mercy on us, O God!" sobbed the voice of an educated woman whose face was bowed and hair hung free in the abandonment of grief. "Hush, honey," comforted an old mammy. "De Lord will care for his own, an' I feels like I did when we all camped 'round Micanopy in de s'render, and I was a young gal dat had lots o' fun. Don't you trouble, honey, it will all come right."

Later, as it became evident that the suburbs were safe, those who had houses penetrated these groups. "Come with me," said a lady to a friend just found, "my house is safe." "Have you room?" asked the unfortunate. "I have a crowd," smiled the friend, "many of whom are strangers to me, but surely I can make a place for you, though I give you my bed and I sleep under it." Such was

ACRES OF ASHES.

the spirit which animated our people. All the dreadful night tramped through these dreadful scenes individuals and parties who looked for friends and mourned because they were not to be found. Perhaps only the darkness hid them from each other—both might be seeking, but all the unknown was terrible.

The Market Street Horror.

About 3 o'clock Friday afternoon the man in charge of a little launch saw it in danger and pushed out into the stream. On the dock at the foot of Market street stood a crowd and a lady asked if the boat took passengers. "No," replied the man, but he checked her speed to see if he could do anything; hearing no further calls and all seeming safe with an open street behind them for escape, he passed on. To these was probably added about this hour a number who had taken refuge in the Mohawk block. But now the Mohawk block caught as the flames swept back in an eddy from their onward march; the Meyer & Muller warehouse, the shop of McMurray & Baker and the building of the Florida Yacht Club. This closed the circle around the hapless company and retreat became impossible except by the river.

ACRES OF ASHES.

One of them, Alfred Ball, of the Springfield suburb, secured a sailboat, into which entered fifteen hapless survivors of the company. Some were licked off the wharf by the devouring flames; others in their haste fell into the water and drowned, screaming under the more merciful element. Attempts to push off the sailboat proved unavailing, because the winds swept in to meet the fire and drew the boat back at each effort.

At this moment passed Arthur Cummer, of the Cummer Lumber Company, in his yacht Edith, having been to the Gardiner building on Bay street to save important papers and now returning to the mill. He heard the screams and ran in as near as he dared and shouted. The despairing survivors in the sailboat heard, and young Coxetter, of St. Augustine, swam out to the yacht, secured a line and nobly went back with it. The line was secured, the word given, and the yacht got under way to tow out the sailboat. With the strain the boat began to move—then down swept a smother of smoke and flame, from out of which rose agonizing shrieks and despairing groans. The tow rope parted (whether broken from the hasty fastening or burned, who shall say?), the Edith darted out under the impulse of her headway, and before she could be checked the sailboat had been

ACRES OF ASHES.

drawn back into the flame and into contact with the blazing timbers of the dock; in a moment she was a thing of the past.

The Edith came round and swept back as near as she dared go to the head of the dock; from that fearful fate she found several swimmers floating out and picked them up; of the rest another hour must tell when the bodies are recovered. For the Edith now sees the steamer Irene in danger and from her are calls for help. Formed by the strong currents of air rushing to supply the vacuum left by the rush of the heated smother, a waterspout gathered and added another horror to the scene. A cloud descended and touched the whirling water with a giant finger; the water rose thirty feet to meet it, and in the center of the fearful hourglass it was about two feet in diameter. This monster swept up the river, seething and whirling its tons of water, directly towards the Irene. Seeing no more swimmers, the Edith darted to the help of the Irene. But the waterspout was too swift; it caught the Irene in its clutch, capsized her as a child would a cork, and passed on with dreadful noises before the river front of the city. Was there an element of terror wanting to this dreadful time?

This was about 5 p. m. of Friday, May 3.

ACRES OF ASHES.

Circling around the fire zone on the north and confining it, Hogan's creek then bends towards the river and forms also its eastern boundary. But as the brief and ghastly twilight darkened into the horrible night the creek again became a line of battle. Near its mouth a broad marsh separates it from the city. Near the marsh the houses are small cabins, but built of inflammable material, now dry as powder. While these burned the heat swept over the grass and it flamed. Was the fire to cross the creek at this point and so sweep the railroad and destroy the mills? Here were no appliances to fight the fire. Men and boys formed a line with buckets and passed up from the creek, running to put out each blaze as it caught and held as if instinct with malice. For two hours this continued. The horrible heat poured down from the burning city and the acrid smoke lacerated the skin. Hands and faces were blistered, but no one flinched. It was naked man against the element and many times the issue was doubtful. If one staggered beaten away another took his place and many passed the buckets, each in his place, but ready for another with that American thoughtfulness which the foreigners who watched the fighting in Cuba called "The Quality of Initiative." The name is not American—the

ACRES OF ASHES.

thing itself is an inheritance from those pioneer days when each man took many parts and filled them all so well as to earn a continent.

In the end the fire was beaten, the defence of marsh and creeks, with the sturdy line behind was too much—together they proved invincible. Then the baffled terror was stopped in his onward march, and, curling back upon his track, marched to new destruction along the river bank. Then occurred the charge on the foundry, the Mohawk block and the United States Hotel, which culminated in the massacre at the Market street dock—now the people along the river met their deaths. High soared the flames from those lofty buildings, and it seemed the heat and flames deserted the rest of the field to concentrate their fury here. From this hour the terrified watchers in Springfield regained hope; in Fairfield they rejoiced over a victory hardly earned and men began to talk of the possibility of crossing back to Bay street within a short time.

For many who had gone to the suburbs to put loved ones or property in a place of safety had been unable to return. Duty now called for them to render yet other service, if possible, to business interests. At 6 an employee of the East Coast Railway made the attempt along Laura street and

ACRES OF ASHES.

nearly lost his life. An hour after this the first crossed through the central line of the burned district, and soon there was a steady stream of anxious pedestrians passing with careful steps over the hot wires and the glowing bricks with the darting flames on either hand.

Strange to say, in this inferno there yet was life. A low moan attracted attention and a shudder ran through the hearer. Was it possible that anything human could withstand such heat and live! Dreading what he expected to see, he stepped carefully through and over the tangle of wires to the twisted and grotesque shape of what had been an iron fence before a yard filled with shrubbery. There was no sound and he called. Then came back another low moan—it was under the scorched ruins of what had been an evergreen tree or thick shrub near an erection of shells about a fountain. He called again and with piteous lament crawled forth a horrible shape that was still a cat; its fur was gone and the baked skin cracked as it moved, but it crawled toward a human voice. Its feet were gone and it walked on stumps that dripped as a joint does in the oven; the flesh of the face had fallen away and the eyes, unseeing, were white and glazed like porcelain; the teeth stood out as

ACRES OF ASHES.

from a skeleton. Should such a horror be suffered to live? Who should kill it?

The government building flashed white in the spectral flames; the Confederate soldier stood firm in his immortal watch over the land he fought to save, but other signs of man and his works had been swept away or transformed into new shapes. Was this the St. James Hotel that was but six hours before crowded with merry guests contemplating their homeward trip? They had fled, and it had fallen. Where was the Park Opera House where so lately Jefferson played old Rip to applauding thousands? Its heap of ruins was indistinguishable from those that covered the ground for acres and acres.

Down on the river the engines throbbed and the exhausted firemen spent their remaining strength in the fight with their backs to the Western Union offices. The Commercial Bank in ruins was the last victim of a fury that seemed insatiable. Here the struggle was kept up through the night; soldiers stood guard like umpires of the lists, and Chief Haney's heroes, in defeat as in victory, were worthy of their leader. Occasionally the weary engines paused as if to take breath, for the foe had been beaten to the ground, but at each cessation of the stream he struggled

ACRES OF ASHES.

up and renewed the fight. So it continued till a fearful dawn replaced the dreadful night, and it was Saturday at last.

In the great Astor block on the corner of Bay and Hogan the staff of the Times-Union and Citizen kept up its supervision of the war. Reporters rushed panting in with accounts of the progress of the battle and rushed hurrying back. No apprehension was felt; then safety was assured, for the government building on the second block to the north had turned the tide and stood as a strong cliff against the ocean surf. But when the march was turned and assault after assault proved successful in the rear, records were packed, books sent west and every preparation made for a hasty flight. At 7 o'clock the office was a wreck and the weary relics of the force only waited the word to go.

Then word came that the defence on the line of Laura held good; then that all was won save at the Western Union building, and there was hope. That hope was justified and enough men collected to begin the work of getting out the paper. What a task that was! All during the afternoon calls for copy had come from papers all over the country, but the Associated Press was first served; then the office refused to take messages and those

ACRES OF ASHES.

prepared were held till the fight was decided. Already the whole continent throbbed eager for news. In every city of the land Jacksonville, the gateway of Florida travel, was known, and in thousands of them were men and women who had friends among us. Naturally all tourists were suspected of being in Jacksonville on the road home. This demand grew more urgent when the stand of the defenders was made good, but the first duty of a newspaper man is to his own paper.

How could that paper appear on time to take the mournful tidings through the mails? Power was dead; the Mergenthalers were useless. The old cases were hastily brought out from dusty corners and printers began again the old work that had grown unfamiliar. Light had failed; there was neither gas nor electricity. But somewhere in that city of dreadful night a box of candles was unearthed and men wrote and set type and filled the chases with nerves strained to the utmost—some with aching hearts for loved ones whose whereabouts were unknown—some who dreaded the worst from scanty information gained hours ago. All remembered the worst extremity that comes under certain conditions and weapons were at hand in case violence attacked the defenceless, and the brave soldier boys and police needed aid.

ACRES OF ASHES.

It was a fearful time when the ears were burdened with awful sounds, but the crack of a rifle might have precipitated a massacre.

As the night wore on into morning and every observer confirmed the exemplary conduct of all classes and conditions of men, relief was possible and he whose work was done sank to sleep on the floor in a stupor—if he could. For some there was no such mercy vouchsafed, and for these work was merciful, because it gave distraction to more torturing anxiety.

Day broke and sorrowing crowds inspected the ruins and talked in low murmurs. Ten thousand people were homeless and business impossible.

The soldier who participates in a battle never sees one—his vision is limited. The immediate prospect fills his eye and absorbs his senses—the historian comes after the soldier has done his part. How did the fire destroy the city of Jacksonville?

March of the Flames.

When the roof of the fibre factory fell in and masses of the burning moss swept through the air in every direction, the flames rushed up Beaver street like a charge of cavalry; they leaped hun-

ACRES OF ASHES.

dreds of yards at a bound; they plunged and tore over the roofs, and Beaver was ablaze to Liberty in thirty minutes.

Other masses swept westward across Ashley and Church and Duval and Monroe within the same time. Soon they had touched Adams and threatened Forsyth.

Afterwards it was a steady march across the heart of the city with ever accumulating heat and gathering force in the rush. Henceforward, as Chief Joyner, of Atlanta, said, "No human power could have saved the city. All the fire apparatus of New York and Chicago combined would not have stayed the fire here." This was as true as soon as the line of march had been formed, as at the Gardiner building, of which the visiting chief spoke. Chief Haney did all that mere man might. It was impossible for man to stand in front of it. The hose burned in the hands of the nozzlemen while the water rushed through it.

Men would shoulder a trunk and start down the street with it. Before going a block the flames would overtake them and they would drop the weight and run for dear life with the blaze licking their heels.

Ladies left home and were hurried away by

ACRES OF ASHES.

anxious friends, but the fire would catch their dresses and urge them on with pitiless lashing.

There were thousands of narrow escapes. Sick people were brought to places of supposed safety time after time, only to find death at their heels, and yet another removal necessary.

When the churches caught frenzied negroes yelled, "De Lawd is angry wid us, O, people! prepare to die!" and some would break away and rush towards the flames, only to be caught and dragged away by main strength, foaming and fighting.

Wagons were piled high with trunks and furniture and bedding thrown over these. The fire caught the bedding, and a mad horse with a crazy driver and flaming wagon would rush madly through the streets.

Wagons carried their loads to a distance and returned for other burdens. Sparks fell in the abandoned piles and flames leaped high in the air, darting in open windows and flying high in the driving wind. So the fire was carried over the city.

After the fire reached Julia street the local military was called out and dynamite used in the vain attempt to remove all food from the path of the terror. The thunders did but add new ter-

ACRES OF ASHES.

rors and drive the ignorant and nervous to greater acts of unreason.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church was ablaze before the opera house caught. From these two furnaces the work of the two great hotels was completed. There was no more hope, for fire was everywhere.

Hundreds joined in the attempt to save the Baldwin building, now owned by the Elks; it collapsed, and the paint shops shot into lurid flashes. The Hubbard block, with its stores of explosives, scattered even the firemen, for the bullets from the cartridges rained out in every direction. The new Furchgott building gave its great stock of dry goods to the flames; Cohen's followed, and the tons of paper in the Drew building made a fire as hot as coal.

The proud city building, that was to prove a monument to its projectors, went down; the headquarters of the fire department, and then the armory, whose castled front had promised to withstand a longer siege. Down East Duval the fire seemed to rush on eagle's pinions to the Catholic church and orphanage and the St. John's Episcopal church. Within four hours the city was gone and acres of ashes had taken its place.

In Raleigh, N. C., the flames of the burning

ACRES OF ASHES.

were seen and men turned to each other on the porches after supper and said, "A city is burning in the South." In Savannah the smoke of the earlier afternoon was supposed to indicate a coming storm and inquiries were made of the weather office.

Seventeen hundred buildings were burned—one hundred and forty-eight blocks. The fire-swept over a tract two miles long from west to east and over half a mile broad. The property destroyed is put by careful estimates at twelve million dollars, insured for about five millions. Ten thousand people were homeless at sunset and many possessed only the clothes in which they faced the world to make a new beginning of life and labor. Without money or work or prospect of either they were hungry without the means to secure food at breakfast next morning—delicate women, tender children and strong men, powerless to feed their own. What, then, was the condition of the aged, the feeble and the helpless? All seemed alike doomed to death or misery.

But, before they fell, the wires had borne notice of the dread calamity over a continent filled with Americans—with people whose hearts are tender, but whose strong hands have wrenched wealth and the power wealth gives from the stub-

ACRES OF ASHES.

born earth. When the wires in the city fell those at the Union Station still throbbed with the burden of the disaster and men heard from San Francisco to Maine.

To hear was to feel; to feel with Americans is to act.

Down the long line of the east coast throbbed the wire and throbbed back the contribution of Henry M. Flagler, who has taken Florida and her people to his heart. Over the wide plains it caught the president in his flying capitol and brought his condolence; on to Washington, and the secretaries of the national government wired back their readiness to place the resources of the nation at the service of the stricken city, so far as the law would permit. With the morning Florida knew to her farthest hamlet and thrilled to the bond of blood. Palatka sent her help on a passing train, and Jasper shouted "Take what we have and welcome." The Governor asked how he could serve the people and sat at his desk to direct. Pensacola heard and obeyed her heart as always. The word dived under the waves and came back laden with the tenderness of Key West for her sister. The American people had heard and Jacksonville should not starve or struggle naked against her foe. There was a voice of lamenta-

ACRES OF ASHES.

tion throughout the land as of Jacob for a beloved child, but America is not old that she should sit still and weep. "New York is the first city of the country," said one of her papers, "and she must be first and strongest to help." "Why should Chicago be second?" spoke the giant West. "Baltimore is the city of the South." came booming from the Chesapeake, "and she cares for her own." "Nay, Florida is not poor or helpless when her children suffer," cried all the Flowery Land.

It was Saturday morning in Jacksonville.

Where shall a people be fed? The homes were in ashes, the hotels were no more. As the sun rose the hungry were fed till the ready money that happened to linger in the pockets of a family dining at home had been exhausted; most of this the ladies kept, though many of them left the family pocketbook to feed the fire. Still, in front of every restaurant and eating place on Bay street and in the suburbs long lines of the hungry pressed forward. Outside the line were many unused to privation, whose looks showed they were penniless. When the hour passed few gentlemen had a penny and many had been fed, but there were many also who still hungered. In the suburbs the kitchen fires glowed till provisions had been exhausted. The stocks in the retail stores that sur-

ACRES OF ASHES.

vived were dealt carefully out to give each a little as in a siege. Still some were hungry.

Wagons were sent to the wholesale houses, and it was pitiful to see that many had no thought of cooking food except on a stove and with approved implements. What would a hunter like better than a roast from the same ashes over which so much mourning was made?

The question of breakfast solved, what remained? Life was to be faced and what others were doing became of concern. Copies of the morning paper were secured, and groups gathered to hear this read; a consensus of opinion was thus gained and some attempt to realize the whole was made. But the reading also told that help was coming from every quarter; that meetings were to be held to organize the situation and the soldiers were already on the ground. Here was comfort—perhaps here was safety for the present and prospect of recovery for the future. Then those hapless outcasts gave a sign of relief—many sought the nearest water and began to clear the grime of the night from face and hands—some were, indeed, unrecognizable.

At 10:15 a. m. there was a meeting of members of the municipal bodies in the telegraph office of the Times-Union and Citizen, over which

ACRES OF ASHES.

the mayor presided. Mr. Floyd moved that immediate measures be taken to afford practical relief, and Mr. Turner proposed that the various municipal bodies be designated to take charge of donations and directed to supervise their distribution. Harry Mason immediately gave his check for \$250, and the city treasurer was made treasurer of the fund. Thus the work began. St. Augustine and Palatka and Volusia county offered assistance, and Jasper, through Senator Frank Adams, sent \$500. Military headquarters were established on the vacant lot next to the government building and Jacksonville turned herself with one heart to the work in hand. Several offers of help from the outside were already in hand.

But the wildest rumors stirred the crowds that collected about the streets, exchanged reports and dissolved to form again with fresh constituents. But it was found that the prisoners had been marched safely by the sheriff into Riverside and afterwards sent to the jails of adjoining counties. Dr. Dean had been burned badly, but he and all his family were otherwise safe. Judge Dzialynski had crawled under a burning building and got away, not being cremated, as reported. The children at the orphanage had been taken across the river, and Sister Mary Ann had cared for her own.

ACRES OF ASHES.

Gradually confidence was recovered, and from a readiness to believe that everybody was dead, the crowd was elated by the conviction that there had been no loss of life.

Then came the finding and identification of the body of a negro woman in front of her home at the corner of State and Ocean streets. She had fallen with her head away from the fire and her lower extremities were burned to a crisp—a horrible sight that brought a swift realization of what might come. The witnesses of her death were found who testified that she had said she did not desire to live after her home had burned, that she struggled away from friends who tried to detain her and rushed frantically into the flames. Evidently she had fallen from the heat before reaching the building.

The survivors from the Market street death-trap had named some of those involved and a systematic search was instituted for those still missing. Among these was Mr. Harry Bonnetheau, known and loved by all, whose friends and acquaintances inquired in every possible locality with unwearied hope till the mystery was so mournfully solved on Monday. But the scenes of meeting or the disappointments that followed confessions of ignorance on the part of friends expected to

ACRES OF ASHES.

know, made the streets pathetic during all the Saturday and the following night.

Meantime contributions poured in by wire, on the trains and in every mail. The rich gave freely, both in money and in their services for relief and the reorganization of the prostrate community, and all the continent anxiously joined to help. At the meeting of the Board of Trade \$15,000 were subscribed and turned over to the committees, and this was immediately used to buy food.

All the vessels of the Clyde Steamship Company, whether of the river or ocean fleets, fed all who applied while they lay at the docks; the East Coast Railway ran special trains to St. Augustine, that those who could might get out of the city, even if compelled to return at night, and all the transportation companies joined in giving free passage to all who desired to go elsewhere. So passed the weary time.

Except in the offices of the newspaper, in the military camps and with the firemen, Saturday night was a time of stupor—human nature could bear no more when the strain was relieved. Shelter of some kind had now been obtained by many; the weather was still warm and pleasant for those compelled to remain in the open air. During the day the tangle of wires had been partially cleared

ACRES OF ASHES.

away, necessary provisions were abundant, and there was no attempt to raise the price on food. Eight butchers opened for business at temporary stalls, the banks that remained standing were open and the others had secured rooms and were paying all demands, those who had been burned opening on Hogan, Laura and Forsyth. These evidences of faith in the preservation of law and order exercised a most salutary influence on the temper of the community.

The colored men held a meeting at the Florida Avenue Baptist church and perfected an organization to co-operate with the committees and the Board of Trade, the Elks issued their call for a meeting and the trade bodies of neighboring cities sent over committees to aid the Jacksonville Board.

Sunday dawned clearly and beautifully on the city of ashes. From the ruins still curled upward wreaths of smoke; occasionally a forlorn chimney would crash downward; the firemen valiantly watched, and the soldiers were on guard as the sun rose. Wearied and worn was every man; the women were hollow-eyed, but felt safe; the children still wandered around and stared at the changed surroundings. The Board of Health put on a permanent sanitary force and its officials

ACRES OF ASHES.*

were everywhere on errands that will bear fruit in the better health of the future city. Five carloads of tents came in from Camp Perry and a carload of supplies from Atlanta; smaller contributions came on every line and almost every hour. The insurance men also quieted anxieties by promising that payments should be made within thirty days, and as few impediments as consisted with safety should be interposed. Various stations for the relief of the hungry and needy were designated and there food was always ready for delivery, only the crowds making this a slow process. The ladies also joined in the work and appointed committees who sought the sick and helpless in every corner of the ruins.

The Finding of the Dead.

And all during Sunday the search for Harry Bonnetheau continued; at last hope sank with the absence of news, and it was conceded that his body must be hidden by the waters of the river.

Again a night, during which the ashes cooled, the soldiers kept watch and ward, and the committees of relief found no rest from the nightmare of suffering stories. And now the fiery grave

ACRES OF ASHES.

began to give up its dead, and soon the streets were filled with the excited inquirers.

First the charred bones of Mrs. Wattie Thompson were found at the Home for the Aged, where she had taken refuge. Her son, after a search continued for two days, had concluded his mother must have gone out of the city; he had written to old friends in the State and accepted a position, hoping to hear soon. When the bones suspected to be those of his mother were found, he fainted. Out from the crowd came an aged negro, once a slave of the family, who gathered the relics together, covered them from the public, and then relieved the boy, whom he called, with streaming eyes, "My Young Marse." Leaning on the old man, who bore his mother's bones, the boy walked to a carriage and friends assumed care of all. Let us preserve, if we may, the name of that ex-slave Alexander, who was faithful at the last, and therefore an honor to all humanity. .

The body of an unknown negro was found at the boatyard. With his clothes burning he had plunged into the river for relief and been drowned. This tale the conditions of the garments and the position of the body plainly told.

But public attention still fixed itself about the Market street wharf in fear of the worst horror.

ACRES OF ASHES.

During Monday the river had been persistently dragged, but the floating timbers and the masses of aquatic plants made this necessarily an unsatisfactory search, while such conditions made all efforts of the divers fruitless. Two young negroes, T. R. Michael and Robert Johnson, standing at the McMurray & Baker wharf, noticed a black mass floating which they thought could not be a log. It was near the southeastern corner of the piling and was partially concealed by masses of hyacinths; the lift in response to the waves showed to their experienced eyes it was not a log. They clambered out on the piling and soon proved it was a body; on touching it the face turned up and they screamed in horror. Help came and the body was carefully towed to the shore. Magistrate Ledwith was summoned, who presided over an examination as *ex-officio* coroner, surrounded by members of the Order of Elks who had learned of the find.

Immediately these friends recognized the remains of poor Harry Bonnetreau. The apparel, the watch and jewelry and a bundle of papers in the breast pocket admitted of no doubt; physical peculiarities made assurance doubly sure. Here the long search ended. But the hands were burned and blackened and distorted as if he had

ACRES OF ASHES.

exposed them to the fire by clinging to some object above water—possibly to the boat seen from the Edith to capsize. The crabs had wrought their wicked will on the kind face so many loved, and the whole was a dream of fear. One of the first to arrive at the scene was the brother-in-law of the dead man, Mr. Edward Hudnall, of Valdosta, and he tenderly took charge when the legal proceedings were dismissed. Peace to his ashes. He left a son and a widow.

The body of Willie Clark, a valued employe of Gus Muller, was seen by H. G. White, cashier of the Clyde Line, floating at the head of the A., V. & W. Railway wharf about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. During that terrible Friday evening young Clark had devoted himself to the task of helping others, and he was last seen carrying Mrs. Follett from her home in the Meyer & Muller building to a place of safety. Doubtless he tried to return to the river afterwards, and the flames closed around him in that final reflex action of the fire which ended in the death struggle on Laura street.

So that the people of Jacksonville again supped full of horrors on Monday night as the fearful particulars were known. Perhaps in closing the history of Monday better cannot be done by way of showing the temper of the people than by quoting

ACRES OF ASHES.

the editorial leader which appeared in the Times-Union and Citizen the next morning:

The Work Before Us.

“Sentiment is most beautiful and at this time it is specially lovely in our sight when its influence is bringing us comfort and material help from every corner of the continent. Yet there are times when even sentiment must give way to imperious necessity—in the battle of life the soldier must often go forth alone that he may face the foe with undivided energies and heart undismayed. He must put his loved ones out of his sight, that he may the better serve them—he must leave them behind that he may the more surely and efficiently protect them. Woman is to every man a ministering angel if he be worthy—she is always his best inspiration and highest hope, but there are times when her absence serves him as well as her presence does at other times.

Such a time has come now to the homeless people of Jacksonville. The task before us is the creation of a city and the recovery of its business—a stern task and a difficult one. While doing this men must be sheltered and properly fed, and within the city there are not at present roofs to

ACRES OF ASHES.

cover the army of workers demanded by the situation. The remedy is one which has often confronted man before, and always with the same result—the beautiful and agreeable must give way to the useful—the shelter must be monopolized by the workers alone. Let us appeal to our people in plain language that all may understand.

It is our duty to send out of the city all those dependent upon others for shelter, except those needed for the work in hand. Dependent non-workers, women and children can be sheltered and cared for elsewhere—they must be. Night and day we must labor; comfort and care cannot be given others except at the cost of the workers, because there is not room for all.

So should the dependent and the helpless go elsewhere till Jacksonville is again prepared to care for and comfort them. Give up the city for the present to the workers—visitors who insist on coming to see the ruins should gaze their fill and return—the help is not here to care for them. Our hotels and our churches have been wiped out—our task is one grim enough to try the strength of the strongest. Let us have no distraction that excuse may be made for the neglect of duty—banish the amenities of life that we may the earlier

ACRES OF ASHES.

resume them, and more deeply appreciate them hereafter.

It is hard to separate families, but there are times when it must be done. It is hard to send away those dependent on us, but we can care for them the more effectually by depriving ourselves of their society now. Work, work, work, must be the rule in Jacksonville for white and black—hard, stern, laborious work that owns an affinity to vulgar dirt, and is not beautiful except to look back upon, when we are enjoying the fruits of the harvest sowed and cultivated. Let us wait for that time, and hope, but now we must work.

The problem of finding shelter for this army of labor is the difficulty of the present—a room means a worker now. Nor have we room for the idle and curious—such hotels and boarding houses as have been left to us are driven to their wits' end to provide for those necessarily dependent on them. Will not every member of the community help the solution if he may, as soon as he can?"

Near midnight on Monday night a reporter visited Mayor Bowden at his house and found the wearied official sleeping on the floor, having given all his beds to his friends and to strangers who were homeless. He had been everywhere during

ACRES OF ASHES.

the eventful time, but was still full of pluck and energy, though his physical strength was nearly gone. He concurred fully in the views of the paper, was confident his people would preserve the excellent record they had made untarnished, and had every confidence the committees and the municipal government would be furnished with means from abroad and at home to feed all the hungry and clothe all the naked of his city.

With Tuesday morning the work of preparing for the new time began in earnest. The various committees had shaken themselves into place and the people knew where to find them. The municipal authorities were doing the work of double their number, the military was as orderly and precise in discipline and practice as if in the face of an enemy; the wires had been swept from the principal thoroughfares; the street cars were running wherever their rails had not been ruined by the heat, and squads of laborers were clearing off the debris along the edges of the lots where the ashes had cooled. The owners of real estate were interviewing architects and contracts were being let for all the multifarious jobs whose completion meant a right of way for the coming mechanics. Tents had gone up, shanties were building and teams passing in every direction. To listen to the

ACRES OF ASHES.

sound of the hoofs and the roar of the car service on Bay street was sweet as music to the citizens of the late thriving city.

Another night passed and Wednesday came. It boots not to tell in detail how other bodies were found and the insurance men added yet other sums to the tale of losses—these may be better given in figures. But the mayor spoke to the world of our condition when he now said to a reporter of the *Atlanta Journal*:

“Beg the people to stay away. We have no room for our own—everything is gone. Jacksonville can keep the wolf away from the door for three or four days longer with the provisions that are here and on the way. We have paid out \$18,000 of our own money, money given by our own sufferers. But this has been spent. God bless the great heart of human charity that has heard our appeal for aid. The United States is too big a country and her people too good to permit us here to starve to death. The situation is intense. There are many dangers and hardships at hand, but we have suffered enough. I believe the fire means the rebuilding of the city, and it will rise from her ashes to the greatest degree of success. Work has actually begun on many destroyed sites

and as fast as the debris cool the workmen will enter with their picks and tools."

These were sensible as well as brave words. The time had come when the city had room for workers only, when the hand must prepare the way for all softer things—when the ornaments and delights of life should be postponed for a more befitting time. The people were pioneers fighting the hard conditions which confronted their fathers, except that they stood on a bed of ashes with a world to help instead of in a forest isolated from everything more humane than the vengeful savage and the ravening beast to be met with the eye that did not blench and the hand that never trembled. The same man must meet the old needs under slightly different conditions. Floridians and Americans know how this is to be done. The future will tell the story in many chapters to follow.

There is one other word to speak here. It had been wired that Chief Haney lost his mind; he was said to be dead; men had seen him die. It is true that when the experience and generalship of a chief availed him not, he went into the ranks to sustain his fainting men and fainted from over-exertion himself, but he was always and everywhere the hope of our people, the brains and the

ACRES OF ASHES.

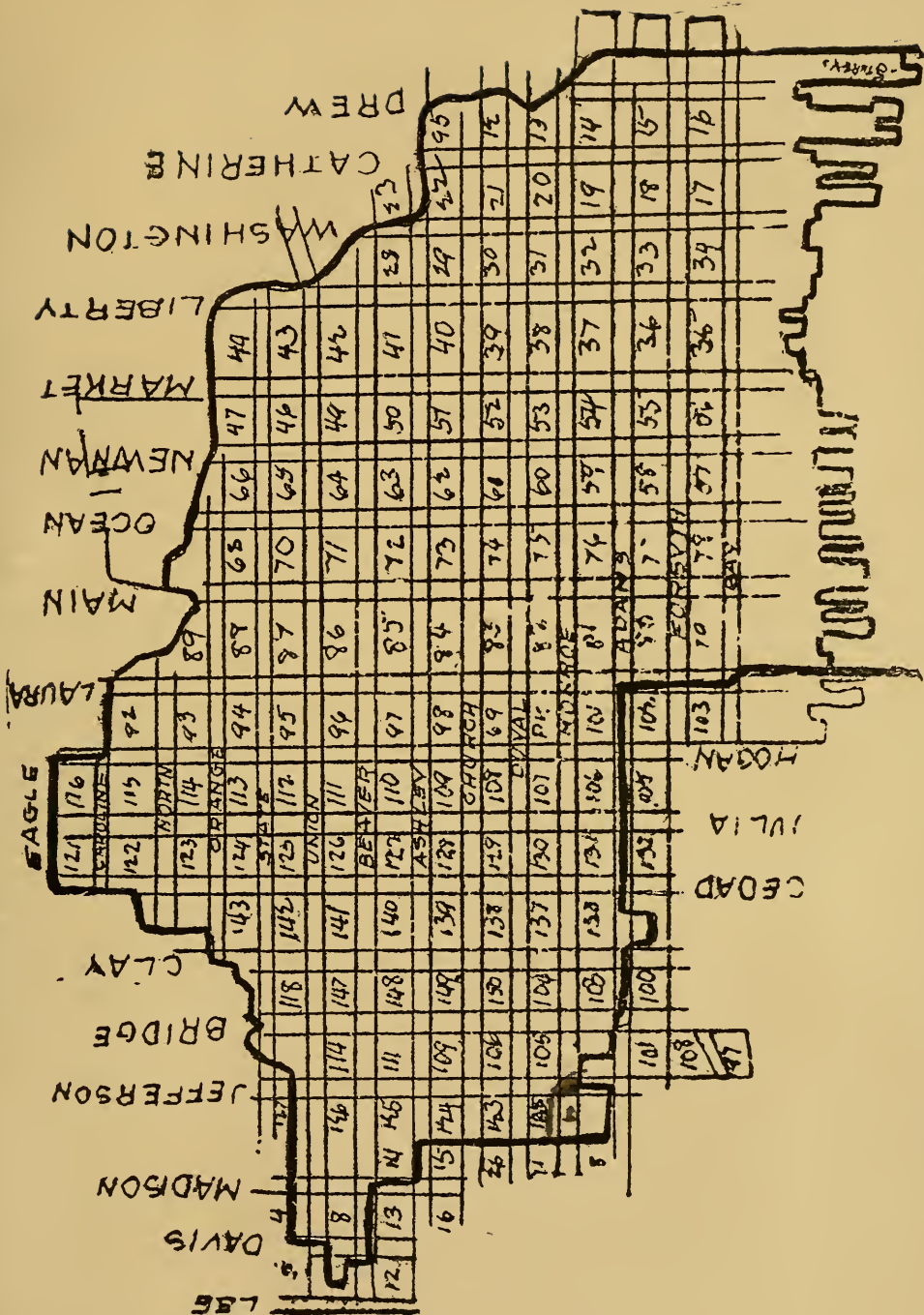
inspiration of the force he had created. Modest always he said nothing until Wednesday night when he gave this to a reporter of the Times-Union and Citizen:

"The alarm was sent in at 12:35. In answer two hose wagons, a truck and hook and ladder responded. On my arrival, I sent in the general alarm, and before the last company had arrived the fire had gotten two blocks from the place it started. I immediately sent back for more hose, and issued orders that the fire be fought by going to the place farthest east, where fire was to be seen, as the fire was being furiously fanned from the west. Soon after that several blocks in various sections were on fire, and after that everybody knows the history.

"On investigation, I found that the fire started in some fiber in the Cleaveland Fiber Factory, but what started the fire was not learned. It was also learned that those who were at the factory tried to put out the fire, and were unsuccessful and sent in the alarm too late.

"I wish to thank all for their kindness to me and my men during the ordeal. One of the men, Aug. Hokason, a Swede, and who was with the fire department even before my connection with it, was overcome, and is now at St. Luke's Hos-

OFFICIAL MAP OF THE BURNT DISTRICT.



The district within the black lines burned, including the river docks between Drew and Laura streets.

ACRES OF ASHES.

pital, suffering greatly. It is believed that he inhaled flames."

If such disasters must come may they always be met by Americans as this was in Jacksonville—shoulder to shoulder—with the right men in command and obedience from below. We have endured and survived. Again the future is ours to mould according to our will, and as we deserve. The rest is but detail.

Some Incidents.

The Lady and the Fire,

On Friday in a peaceful location on one of the residence streets of Jacksonville the visitor would have found a model household. On the piazza a dozen choice plants luxuriated in the Florida sunshine, roses climbed the walls and roses and lilies filled the small space between the gate and the door. Madame sat within a cool room, comfortably waiting the coming of the lord, who was not master; dinner was in course of preparation and occasionally the old woman who had been in the family for little less than a generation, cast out something to pacify a brood of chickens in the backyard, or spoke a word to the mistress of the house. Then the inevitable man arrived; he noted that some buds had opened since breakfast; he gave fresh water to some ferns and he paused to catch a new note in the song of the mockingbird giving a concert from the oak at the gate.

There sounded the fire alarm; the Lady and

ACRES OF ASHES.

the cook both ran out and joined the Man on the front piazza. A dense smoke rose to the westward, and the cook suddenly concluded her home was in danger, whereupon she was urged by the Lady to look after it, and obeyed on the run. Soon after the Lady thought she might help the cook and she ran off hatless regardless of the protests of the masculine element that wanted its dinner on time.

The cook returned to get the hose; got it, and went off again.

The Lady returned to say the cook's house must surely go, for it was a big fire, and went again to consult a neighbor.

The Man went to the upper piazza to take a view of the possible danger.

The cook arrived, weeping, with a pile of bedding on a dray.

The Lady returned to know if it was not time to pack up, and ran off to stop some children she suspected their father of leading into danger. There was a debate between the Lady and the father.

These occurrences occupied fifteen minutes. The Man called to the Lady that she should be at home. She looked up to see a blaze a dozen blocks away and ran in frantically to say the city

ACRES OF ASHES.

was on fire. The man asked her to get her wits together and was told this was no time to be quiet and reasonable. She began to pack what came first to hand in a trunk Sampson would have preferred as a test of strength to the gates of Gaza.

The Man continued to gaze from the upper piazza till a shift of the wind rained light ashes on the plants in the yard; then he called the attention of a neighbor to them; the neighbor laughed. The Man went within and asked the Lady to put her preferred stock in two trunks which he indicated, saying, "We can save these, at any rate." He then began to put valuable papers and books in a steamer trunk. Having done this, he went out to find the Lady telling him to get the silver. He emptied a great clothes basket and was told not to make a mess on the floor. He carried the basket down, put in it the silver on the sideboard, and was startled by a shriek from the Lady. He rushed to the door to see the flames rising high in the next block.

A friend ran in to know if he could be of service; he was asked to get wagons if possible. The Man went upstairs to find the Lady filling one trunk with old newspapers. He said nothing, but wondered which books of a small library he could afford to lose—each was a part of him. He be-

ACRES OF ASHES.

gan to pack some with eyes too dim to read their titles. The friend returned with two wagons and three friends with him. After this there was nothing but confusion; the three friends and two negroes tore in and out at the bidding of the Lady who jerked heavy furniture about with the strength of madness, and kept talking about the history of each.

There was a pause and the Man looked up to find only one of the friends with him. That friend pointed to the opposite house just falling in; all the houses opposite were aflame; this was 2 o'clock. One friend had taken the Lady off. The remaining two went out with their arms loaded with things of little moment.

Soon after the Man learned the Lady had been entrusted to the care of a negro and sent in a covered vehicle to Springfield. Anxiously he turned his steps in the same direction, for the negro might show bad judgment or lose his head in an emergency. He had been away barely ten minutes, but he could not get within a block of the house just left. He turned in another direction, for an ocean of flame shut him off the direct route to Springfield. He made a detour which took him near the St. John's Episcopal church, dived under a whirl of smoke and flame, then made

ACRES OF ASHES.

his way between blazing houses to the bridge. So near he was to being cut off—so swiftly did the fire eat its way through the heart of the city.

He found all safe, but the joke of that dolorous day is the look of the Lady when she found upon the recovery of the plunder that she had packed one trunk with old newspapers and left the best of her clothing to the flames.

As for the Man he is thankful that no lives were lost in his immediate circle and insists they were most fortunate.

The Lady and the Piano.

Two gentlemen passed down a street while the fire roared behind them and sometimes made leaps that passed over their heads; one of these gentlemen had often been told by his friends he weighed a ton, but he never believed they spoke truth till he raced with the Jacksonville fire and must head it off to get home. At one of the houses stood a dray with a piano upon it; the driver stood at the horse's head and begged the lady to let him go, but she insisted on piling bedding upon the piano. The two friends knew her and paused. "Madam," said the fat man, "it will

ACRES ~~OF~~ ASHES.

soon be too late to get away; send the dray off." "O, no," said the lady, "I want to save my beds." The two ordered the driver to wait, and went into the house to help bring out those precious beds. The trip was made, a bed and bedding brought, but as a pillow was tossed on the load a spark fell and blazed. The pillow was thrown off and the stout gentleman said, protestingly, "Now, madam, let him go." "O, no," said the lady, "there is just one more." Obediently they returned, but found another spark had fallen, the bedding on the dray was flaming high, the driver had cut his traces and skedaddled. "There is no time for fooling here," said the lean man. He dropped his bundle, caught the lady past the narrow gap and ran off, supporting her. Now the fat man could not slip through the eye of a needle. In that brief moment the fire in front of the door had grown hotter; his hair rose and his hat blew off. His friend had reached a safe distance, turned and saw the picture of blank amazement—then he saw the fat man turn and dive back through the house whose upper storey was now blazing fiercely. From this grew the story that a prominent citizen of Jacksonville had suffered cremation prematurely.

But what became of our fat friend? He passed

ACRES OF ASHES.

through the house and found himself in a yard enclosed by a high planked wall. Had he entered a deathtrap? There was horror in the thought. But a second look showed a door; he wrenched it from the hinges; the fire was above and around; he followed the fence gropingly and gasping; presently there was a breath of air less hot, and he opened his eyes to find himself again in the street, but the spectators of his exit had disappeared. He ran faster than he ever did since he chased the nimble hare with a yellow dog, and reached home at last. He would much prefer paying for pianos to saving them, and when his friends laugh he asks where is the joke. But he has already begun to pay the forfeit—in lemonade.

How Court Sat in Jacksonville.

The Monday following the fire was the first day of the regular term of the Circuit court for Duval county. Now the court house was four brick walls filled with a miscellaneous assortment of debris and nothing else; the records were but ashes and all the officials in no condition to punish any crime but extortion in prices for the necessities of life. Yet court must be called, and

ACRES OF ASHES.

for this purpose a hall must be found, as the most learned and upright judge insisted. The sheriff found one and a local attorney of high standing and solemn face guided the judge thither. That dignitary was seated upon a table, the clerk arranged a sheet of paper on another, and the sheriff stood with a beautiful cat in his arms to the manifest approval of the gentle and humane judge who had not observed such love of animals in that usually obdurate official hitherto. "Open the court, Mr. Sheriff," said his honor with due solemnity, whereupon it was called that the honorable court was ready for all and sundry who might deserve its ministrations. "Adjourn the court," said his honor, and it was forthwith adjourned to a better time.

Then stepped forth an attorney and requested permission to make a statement. "Proceed," said his honor graciously, thinking a subscription was now to be taken for the fire sufferers; he sat back on his table and inserted a hand in a particular pocket that he might be ready. "I have only to say," went on the attorney, "that your honor sits upon the poker table, the clerk has appropriated the baccarat board and the sheriff has the kitty by the tail." These words were meaningless to the learned judge, not being among those accept-

ACRES OF ASHES.

ed by Blackstone, but he gazed around and a great light dawned upon his brain, while his noble countenance reddened and his eagle eye flashed. "Gentlemen," said his honor, "no outsiders are present, and if this becomes public somebody will sleep in jail." But it never did transpire, being a star chamber affair and done in executive session.

But even after a great fire some light matters may remain.

How All Suffered Together.

A family that had saved something of its household effects took refuge with a friend in the suburbs and remained twenty-four hours. When the parting came both were near to tears, but each was trying to check the briny flood to make a brave show. The suburbanite had found her house filled to overflowing, so that her husband and his male friends slept in the woodhouse or on the ground. There were not cots and beds for the ladies and children, and only exact calculation found floor room for all, yet all were fed and all comforted.

So when the parting came the refugee said,

ACRES OF ASHES.

with a suspicious quiver about the mouth that tried to be a smile, "Annie, I fear you lost more than I did by the fire; the walls of my house are gone, but we saved something of what was within. You have the walls, but they are bare—we have eaten you out of house and home." "Ah, yes," answered the hostess, "but you don't know what happiness the coming of all these visitors gave me. What am I that I should hope to have the pleasure, so dear to our Lord himself, of helping the needy and supporting the weak?" Now men would have gripped hands and said nothing, but these dear creatures sat down immediately on the back step and had a "good cry."

Two Lives For Pictures.

I.

Mrs. Wattie Thompson belonged to an honored family that had been very wealthy. When it was known she was missing the news spread through the city and the search was prosecuted during all Saturday and the following night. Inquiries swept out into the country on Sunday, and then it was accepted as certain that she had

ACRES OF ASHES.

left the city on one of the passing trains that rescued so many from the worst of those terrible first days after the fire. In this hope her young son wrote to all the friends of the family and went Monday to aid in the distribution of the supplies that were now pouring in from the outside.

To the house of Mr. Thames in the city went an old slave woman of the Thompson family, named Roney. She had never left the old lady in all the years of her freedom, and was now worn out and nearly hysterical with her efforts to find "Old Miss." She had this tale to tell:

"Me and old Miss got out the fire," said Roney, "and we wuz gwine 'long de street, when ole Miss she say she cawn't leave Mars Preston's picture. I say, 'Ole Miss, dat house burn you up,' but she say she gwine an' she look at me so I turn her loose. Den she walk right straight into de house and it burning fierce on de top where it catch. I wait till de fire reach down atter me like a great hand and de smoke hide de house, and I run an' hollow to ole Miss, 'Come erlong! Ole Miss neber come and dat's de las' I see ob my ole Miss.'"

Then it was feared Mrs. Thompson had met death in the house and Monday morning saw an anxious company working at the ruins. They knew the picture of the little child, that was now a

ACRES OF ASHES.

boy doing the work of a man, had hung on the wall over her bed and they worked to uncover the spot where it stood. And they found the skeleton of that bed and on it a few charred bones—the mother had at least won her way to the presence of that baby smile—perhaps had climbed on the bed to reach it, and then sank down. Let us hope that she was stricken with merciful unconsciousness, and that the mother's heart was cheered, even in that inferno, by the presence of the baby face.

The son was called but to faint; Roney was too hysterical for the trust, and another old slave, Alexander, wrapped the sacred relics from the light. When the young man recovered Alexander called, "Come, young Marse," and offered his shoulder for a support. With the remains of the mother in one arm and the son on the other, Alexander went to the carriage proffered by the bystanders. Roney followed, and the strange spectacle of devotion unknown and unappreciated save in the South, became no longer visible in the distance veiled by misty eyes.

II.

Harry Bonnetheau's house stood at the corner of Market and Bay. It was full of bric-a-brac

ACRES OF ASHES.

and valuable books—he was an enthusiastic collector of China. He remained in his house without making an effort to save anything, because at first he could not think the fire would reach him, and afterwards he could not find a wagon. Across the street and an open lot was the river and escape seemed so easy, to the boatyard or the wharf.

A friend fleeing from the wrecks of the county buildings called to him, "Come, Harry; you have no time to stay!" He took his hat calmly and said, "It seems to be time to go," and walked out as if on an ordinary errand. He reached his friend, haltingly, for he was lamed by rheumatism, and then turned to say, "I cannot leave my mother's picture; it is the only one we have." "But you must not go," for the hotel at their side was now on fire. "I must go," said Bonnetheau, and went into the house. The picture was found carefully placed against an oak tree at the boatyard. Some survivors of the Market wharf horror say Harry Bonnetheau was among them to the last. But his body came from the river, the hands burned and the face disfigured. The loving heart was still that left diamonds and beautiful shapes more precious to him, but would not leave his mother's picture to the flames.

May Bonnetheau rest in peace; he showed a

loving heart and pitiful soul to all that suffered while he lived.

HOW HELP WAS DISTRIBUTED.

As soon as it was apparent that the fire would be stopped at the foot of Laura street and a remnant of twelve blocks be saved to the city the effects of the Times-Union and Citizen were recalled to the Astor building and preparations began to get out the paper in time to meet the mails. Into the editorial rooms then came Capt. C. E. Garner, president of the Board of Trade, and Hon. J. S. Stripling, United States attorney for the federal district, and asked that a meeting of members of the Board, in which all citizens were asked to participate, be called to convene next morning at 10 o'clock in the federal court room of the government building to systematize measures for the relief of the needy and suffering. Such notice appeared next morning with editorial endorsement urging a full attendance.

A meeting of municipal officials was also called which convened in the Astor block.

At the Board meeting Captain Garner spoke feelingly of the calamity and urgently of the im-

mediate necessity of providing for the needy and appealing for help before the suffering became intolerable. Bishop Weed suggested that measures be taken to secure concert of action between the two meetings sitting simultaneously and joint action taken for the distribution of money and supplies. This view was at once adopted.

A commission of six to correspond with the general government and the public as to the needs of the distressed people of our city was appointed, consisting of Governor W. S. Jennings, Senator J. P. Taliaferro and Messrs. W. W. Cummer and E. C. Long.

The colored people were invited to appoint an auxiliary committee to act with others. The contribution of \$5,000 from Mr. H. M. Flagler was reported; Mr. Harry Mason gave \$250, with the use of his rooms in the old Everett Hotel, and the list swelled with the names of our most prominent citizens so that a total of \$15,000 was promptly reached.

Henceforth there was unity of action and a fair distribution of labor among all the bodies seeking a common object—system replaced that spontaneous help which had before been the universal rule.

Ladies were asked by Mayor Bowden to look

ACRES OF ASHES.

up all the cases too feeble to reach the stations appointed for the relief of the several districts and a number of these immediately responded, so that the private vehicles which remained to our people were speedily to be seen going in all directions with baskets of food and articles of clothing. Much suffering was prevented in this way.

The Knights of Pythias met and appointed the following committee to act for them in the relief of distress: W. C. West, E. E. Willard, J. T. O'Quinn, Edward Williams, C. C. Root and J. C. Turner.

The Elks met in the government building, subscribed \$1,000 to the relief fund and decided to rebuild their home.

The I. O. O. F. gave out for publication the notice that all members of the fraternity or their families in need should apply to Postmaster Dennis Eagan.

Practically, however, all these bodies were merged into the Citizens' Relief Association, for no questions were asked where need was found. At a meeting of that body held on Monday at the Everett House with Mayor Bowden in the chair, the following ladies were appointed a committee to assist in the distribution of supplies: Mrs. G. M. Washington, Mrs. Guy R. Pride, Mrs. Lock-

ACRES OF ASHES.

ett, Mrs. D. A. Cook, Mrs. H. Green, Miss Eva Sanderson, Mrs. Dennis Eagan and Mrs. W. W. Summers.

The president of the Relief Association is Capt. C. E. Garner, whose office is in the Everett Hotel building. The executive committee meets at 10 o'clock every morning in the office of President Garner.

Executive Committee—C. E. Garner, chairman; J. R. Parrott, J. E. T. Bowden, J. C. L'Engle, J. H. Durkee, J. E. Lee, W. A. Bours, Harry Mason, Bishop Edwin G. Weed, W. W. Cummer, Telfair Stockton, A. W. Cockrell, Jr., Conrad Brickwedel, M. A. Dzialynski, Rev. W. J. Kenny.

W. C. West is the secretary of the Executive Committee, and his office is in the same room.

C. H. Smith is corresponding secretary of the Relief Association, and is also secretary of the Board of Trade, and his office is also in the same room.

J. R. Parrott is chairman of the Commissary Department, and W. N. Stockton is superintendent for Mr. Parrott, and the office of the department is in the office of the Florida East Coast Railway city ticket office on West Bay street.

Perhaps the duties assigned to different relief committees is best seen in the following report of

ACRES OF ASHES.

the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Relief Association held Monday afternoon and published by the Times-Union and Citizen in the Tuesday morning's issue:

President C. E. Garner occupied the chair and W. C. West was appointed permanent assistant secretary.

Before the meeting opened Mrs. W. W. Cummer and Mrs. Dennis Eagan appeared before the board with relation to establishing a relief station which could be put in the charge of the ladies' committee appointed yesterday. Mrs. Eagan stated to the Executive Committee that there were many ladies who were in destitute circumstances who could not go to the general relief station and who would starve and suffer before making known their wants.

It was decided by the committee to establish a commissary for white ladies only, in charge of the ladies' committee. The commissary will be in a tent in the lot next to the Duval Hotel tendered by Mr. Cullens. The tent to be erected this morning.

Telfair Stockton was appointed a committee of one to employ stenographers, bookkeepers and other employes to keep records.

Mayor Bowden stated on behalf of the city that

ACRES OF ASHES.

he had assurances that water would be put into the camps.

Mr. Bours then explained that the committee on lodging had decided to establish camps of about 100 tents in different sections, and asked that commissary accommodations be made.

J. R. Parrott was elected chairman of the committee to establish as many commissary stations as might be necessary, to distribute the supplies, and he appointed W. Stockton to be in charge of the warehouses and supplies and supervise the sending out of rations to the relief stations each day.

Rev. Father Kenny was appointed chairman in charge of the bureau of information.

The headquarters of Father Kenney will be in a tent behind the Duval Hotel.

Telfair Stockton was appointed chairman in charge of the employment bureau, to work in conjunction with the Board of Public Works, and he also will have his office at the headquarters which commencing today will be in the lot behind the Duval Hotel.

Chairman Bours of the committee on lodging reported that he had ordered a thousand spades and shovels for the use of the men who were to assist in cleaning up the city.

ACRES OF ASHES.

A. W. Cockrell was appointed chairman of the sanitary committee, and J. E. T. Bowden was appointed chairman of the committee on transportation.

A resolution adopted was as follows:

"Idle men cannot stay in the city and be fed. The motto of the relief bureau is no work, no food. The militia is requested to make the vicious and idle, without regard to color, leave the city."

A report was handed in by the colored relief association which has organized with the following officers: J. H. Blodgett, president; J. Douglas Wetmore, first vice-president; E. J. Gregg, second vice-president; C. C. Manigault, secretary, Rev. James Johnson, treasurer. An executive committee comprising Messrs. Wetmore, Gregg, Dickens, Ferguson and Alexander was appointed.

This report was referred to the chairman of employment committee to assist him in employing labor, and also to see that only deserving colored people received aid.

A bureau of information, with Mr. I. L. Harris in charge, was organized under the Very Rev. Father Kenny, to which all suspicious or fraudulent claims might be referred and decided. Here the claimant had his present address registered and his former residence; investigation then

ACRES OF ASHES.

proved whether he had suffered from the fire and had made true report.

The stations at which relief was given out were distributed to secure the greatest possible convenience to those in need, located as follows:

Station No. 1—Riverside avenue.

Station No. 2—Corner Myrtle avenue and Adams street.

Station No. 3—The water works.

Station No. 4—Florida avenue.

Station No. 5—South Jacksonville.

Station No. 6—Hemming Park.

Station No. 7—Corner of Cedar and Adams streets.

Station No. 8—Corner Julia and Eagle.

Station No. 9—415 West Church street.

The following account of the relief given on Monday appeared in the Times-Union and Citizen of Tuesday:

At the relief stations yesterday the committees were kept busy all day long and almost 3,000 people were supplied at the white station and almost 3,500 at the colored station. There is not a single case of suffering for want of food known to the committees, and the work has been systematized rapidly and in good and efficient shape.

There was received at the Everett block station

ACRES OF ASHES.

yesterday nine barrels of bread, two boxes of bread and two boxes of sausages from St. Augustine. There also came by express from a source unknown to the committee eight sacks of potatoes, two barrels of cabbage, one sack of cabbage and one box of cabbage and one box of tomatoes.

Notice was received that ten cars of supplies would reach the city from Charleston during the day, and Committeeman Will Stockton has established headquarters in the warehouse at the depot for the storage of the supplies. Another carload of supplies was also received from Atlanta last night, which was cared for at the same place.

Everything is running smoothly at the commissaries and no trouble has been reported.

It were well to leave the work of relief here. The whole continent had contributed the materials—rich and poor, neighbors and friends and strangers. Such chapters in the history of the American people will remain to do them the highest honor. The people of Jacksonville had comported themselves helpfully and in a Christian spirit in the hour of trial, some with the highest heroism, but all as they had opportunity to serve each other. Then came the organization and henceforth it was a business system that worked with the monotony of a machine, but with its un-

ACRES OF ASHES.

failing regularity also, for, governing all its motions, was the brain power drilled to handle great volumes of business and entirely devoted to the work in hand.

There was to be no more suffering and Jacksonville soon walked strongly forward to its appointed future.

DIRECTORY OF RELIEF WORK.

While the flames that devoured the city were still flashing, before midnight indeed, the work of relief began. For several days help was afforded at a venture and there were cases of imposition and fraud. But every citizen whose services were felt to be especially valuable freely dropped his own business to serve the public and the best skill and energies of our people were speedily placed where they could do the most. The result was that organization was soon effected, the frauds were spotted through the information bureau and even the commissary department worked with a smoothness that wasted nothing and left none deserving to suffer. The names of those who did such work should remain with us and this slight sketch of the organization, taken from the directory of the

ACRES OF ASHES.

Times-Union and Citizen, will possibly afford a lesson to another city in such an extremity:

Jacksonville Relief Association Officers—C. E. Garner, president; J. R. Parrott, vice-president; C. H. Smith, secretary; A. M. Ives, treasurer.

Executive Committee—C. E. Garner, chairman; W. C. West, secretary; J. R. Parrott, J. E. T. Bowden, J. C. L'Engle, J. H. Durkee, J. E. Lee, W. A. Bours, Harry Mason, Bishop Edwin G. Weed, W. W. Cummer, Telfair Stockton, A. W. Cockrell, Jr., Conrad Brickwedel, M. A. Dzialynski, Rev. W. J. Kenny.

Finance Committee—Charles Benedict, J. P. Talaferro, B. F. Dillon, J. N. C. Stockton, B. H. Barnett. Headquarters over McNearney store, foot of Laura street.

Commissary Department—J. R. Parrott, chairman; W. N. Stockton, superintendent; T. T. Stockton, auditor. Headquarters Florida East Coast Railway city ticket office.

Commissaries are located as follows:

No. 1, Riverside—Located on Riverside avenue on the vacant lot two blocks from the viaduct. Two tents, in charge of G. P. Hall.

No. 2, LaVilla—Located on the corner of Adams street and Myrtle avenue on a vacant lot. Two tents, in charge of L. F. Drysdale.

ACRES OF ASHES.

No. 3, Springfield—Located at the water works. Two tents, in charge of J. W. White.

No. 4, East Jacksonville—Located on the vacant lot opposite the Episcopal church. Two tents, in charge of W. B. Watson.

No. 5, South Jacksonville—Located at the South Side Grocery, in charge of Fred Schulenberg.

No. 6, Ladies' Relief—Located in tents in Hemming Park, in charge of Mrs. W. W. Cummer.

No. 7, Jacksonville proper—Located at corner Cedar and Adams streets, in charge of Tom Turner.

No. 8, Woman's Colored Relief—Located at 915 West Church street, in charge of Mrs. L. B. Robinson.

No. 9—Located at the corner of Eagle and Union streets.

Committee on Labor—Telfair Stockton, chairman. Headquarters behind Duval Hotel, in tent.

Committee on Informatoin—Rev. F. J. Kenny, chairman. Headquarters behind Duval Hotel, in tent.

Committee on Tents—W. A. Bours, chairman. Headquarters in tent behind Duval Hotel.

Committee on Transportation—Mayor Bow-

ACRES OF ASHES.

den, chairman. Headquarters Southern Railway ticket office.

Committee on Sanitation—A. W. Cockrell, chairman. Headquarters over McNearney's wholesale store, foot of Laura street.

Woman's Relief Corps—Chairman, Mrs. Dennis Eagan; secretary, Mrs. G. M. Washington; Mrs. Guy R. Pride, Mrs. Lockett, Mrs. D. A. Cook, Mrs. H. Green, Miss Eva Sanderson and Mrs. W. W. Sumner. Headquarters in tents in Hemming Park.

Woman's Relief Corps, Information Bureau—Mrs. Bogart, chairman clothing department; Miss Hedrick, chairman commissary department; Mrs. Pepperday, chairman. Hospital Department—Mrs. Dr. Reichard. Headquarters of all in Hemming Park.

Masonic Relief Committee—Dr. C. W. Johnson, chairman; W. P. Webster, secretary and treasurer. Headquarters Masonic Temple, Bridge street.

Woodmen of the World Relief Committee—H. H. Simmons, chairman. Headquarters, H. H. Simmons' office, Cleaveland's furniture store.

Knights of Pythias Relief Committee—The relief committee of the Order of Knights of Pythias have their headquarters on the third floor of Cas-

the Hall building. The committee meets daily at 9 a. m. and the rooms are open from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m.

MILITARY RULE IN JACKSONVILLE.

During the eventful Friday night following the fire the three Jacksonville companies of State troops, the Rifles, the Light Infantry and Wilson's Battery, were under arms and stationed throughout the city to guard life and property. Early the next morning the Gem City Guards arrived from Palatka under Captain Davis and remained on duty till Monday, when they went home.

Other companies of the State troops arrived as soon as the lines of road could bring them, while others were ordered out as the need was more fully appreciated.

On Saturday morning the Governor declared martial law by proclamation and the military situation remained unchanged for many days. The official roster was then as follows:

C. P. Lovell, Colonel Commanding.

F. A. Ross, Captain and Adjutant.

F. J. Howatt, Captain and Quartermaster.

ACRES OF ASHES.

Lee MacDonell, Lieutenant and Acting Ordnance Officer.

J. S. Maxwell, Major and Provost Marshal.

A. G. Hartridge, Captain and Assistant Provost Marshal, acting as Trial Judge for Military offenses.

C. B. Parkhill, Captain and Assistant Provost Marshal, acting as Trial Judge for Civil offenses.

C. A. Dunham, Major and Surgeon.

Dr. Philbrick, Lieutenant and Assistant Surgeon.

Company A, First Regiment—Capt. A. G. Hartridge, 1st. Lieut. B. B. MacDonell, 2nd Lieut. Charles Tucker; 60 men present.

Company C, First Regiment—Capt. A. B. Small, 1st Lieut. C. B. Smith, 2nd Lieut. J. T. Bush; 34 men present.

Company D, First Regiment—Capt. Geo. Lewis, 1st. Lieut. W. H. Markham, 2nd Lieut. G. T. Gibbs; 32 men present.

Company E, First Regiment—Capt. W. H. Lyle, 1st Lieut. A. W. Lewis, 2nd Lieut. E. M. Bynum; 34 men present.

Company F, First Regiment—Capt. William LeFils, 1st Lieut. W. A. Jones, 2nd Lieut. Geo. L. Dancy; 40 men present.

ACRES OF ASHES.

Company G, First Regiment—Capt. J. C. Foster, 1st Lieut. H. M. Snow, 2nd Lieut. G. W. Snow; 29 men present.

Company H, First Regiment—Capt. W. H. Cox, 1st Lieut. J. Kinarth, 2nd Lieut. H. Helvenston; 40 men present.

Company K, First Regiment—Capt. C. B. Parkhill, 1st Lieut. Martin Griffin, 2nd Lieut. R. L. Nickelson; 58 men present.

Company C, Second Regiment—Capt. B. C. Abernethy, 1st Lieut. H. C. Robertson, 2nd Lieut. R. H. Hudson; 37 men present.

Company E, Second Regiment—Capt. J. R. Davis, 1st Lieut. John D. Alderman, 2nd Lieut. Tate Powell; 30 men present.

Company H, Second Regiment—Capt. Geo. M. Lynch, 1st Lieut. Phillip Miller, 2nd Lieut. C. R. Layton; 41 men present.

Wilson's Batery A—Capt. C. B. Duffy; Maj. J. Gumbinger, commanding; 42 men present.

In addition to these there was a detachment of marines from the revenue cutters Forward and Hamilton, under command of Lieut. Boskerck.

ACRES OF ASHES.

ESTIMATE OF PROPERTY LOSSES.

The following estimates do not cover the entire losses, as it is impossible to fix the values on thousands of little things, and losses to individuals who were in the city, at boarding houses or hotels, and not otherwise identified with the city's population. The entire losses, it is conservatively estimated, will approximate \$15,000,000.

FORSYTH STREET.			
Cleaveland Block.. . . .	\$ 30,000	Fire Department Block..	15,000
Clark Block	5,000	Emery Block	30,000
Livingston Block	10,000	Placide Hotel Block....	25,000
Hubbard Block	40,000	Simms Block	15,000
Livingston Block.... ..	25,000	Henderson Block	15,000
Reed Block.. . . .	15,000	Emery Block	20,000
Hubbard Block.. . . .	50,000	Doctor Daniel's Block .	8,000
Spratt Block	10,000	Aird Block	6,500
Jacksonville Fire Dep't.	2,000	McMurray Block	10,000
Thebaut Block	10,000	Baya Block	5,000
City Jail Block	15,000	Lancaster Block.... ..	2,000
McMurray Block	15,000	Gas Works Block.....	45,000
Morrison Block	3,000	Brickwedel Block.....	7,500
Bisbee Block	16,000	Jones Block.. . . .	1,500
Law Exchange Block ..	25,000	Ivers Block	3,000
Ely Block	18,000	Grunthal Block	7,500
Clark Block.... .	7,000	Jones' Hall Block	10,000
Hudnell Block	25,000	Spratt Block	4,000
Wilmarth Block	8,000		
Seminole Block	30,000		
Metropolis Block	30,000		
Smith Block	20,000		
Total	\$ 405,000	Total.. . . .	\$ 309,000
MAIN STREET.		RESIDENCES.	
Byrne Block.. . . .	\$ 35,000	Senator J. P. Taliaferro	30,000
Porter Block	10,000	W. S. Ware.. . . .	30,000
Board of Trade Block ..	20,000	J. R. Parrott.. . . .	17,000
		T. V. Porter.. . . .	15,000
		A. W. Cockrell.....	6,500
		R. B. Archibald.. . .	5,000
		J. N. Stripling.. . . .	4,000
		Dr. H. Bacon.....	4,500

ACRES OF ASHES.

Dr. R. H. Dean.....	4,500	Doctor Liell..	5,000
L. Haynes	4,500	C. M. Fuller..	7,000
R. McLaughlin.....	6,000	Hy. Robinson..	10,000
J. G. Ambler..	6,000	J. H. Durkee..	10,000
C. S. Stansell.....	17,000	W. B. Barnett..	10,000
A. Meigs..	20,000	Doctor Stout..	7,000
H. W. Clark Estate.. . .	6,000	Mr. Harkisheimer.. . . .	5,000
E. A. Champlain....	7,000	E. Vanderpool...	7,000
W. B. Watson....	4,000	J. S. Driggs.....	6,000
T. W. Roby.....	4,000	J. C. L'Engle..	8,000
W. B. Drew.....	6,000	J. C. Cooper..	7,000
Mrs. C. L. Robinson ...	5,000	C. M. Cooper..	20,000
W. A. MacDuff....	8,000	Dr. J. H. Livingston ..	5,000
W. D. Vinzant....	5,000	P. Walter..	8,000
W. G. Toomer..	5,000	S. Ritzwoller...	10,000
J. D. Witchen..	7,000	Gov. F. P. Fleming.. . .	5,000
J. P. Beckwith.....	6,500	R. D. Knight....	5,000
C. W. Wilson.....	5,000	Mrs. L. I. Fleming.. . .	5,000
H. Bisbee....	12,000	Mrs. C. M. S. Hallows..	12,000
B. M. Baer	8,000	W. M. Davidson.. . . .	8,000
E. B. Dalton..	6,500	J. Einig..	8,000
Mrs. Coffin....	6,000	S. B. Hubbard..	12,000
L. Furchgott....	20,000	Mrs. Hartridge..	5,000
A. S. Fairhead....	7,000	Judge Doggett..	5,000
S. B. Darnell.....	5,000	F. Bettelini..	5,000
L. N. Wilkie.....	8,000	Mrs. J. Bettelini.. . . .	5,000
W. H. Itjen..	8,000	J. B. Bours..	5,000
G. R. Foster..	5,000	W. A. Bours..	8,000
H. G. Aird..	3,500	C. C. Bettes....	5,000
Mrs. Tibbetts..	7,000	G. O. Holmes..	5,000
M. S. Pollak..	12,000	C. B. Benedict..	5,000
Mike Sabel..	6,500	O. P. Knapp.....	5,000
Joe Sabel.....	6,500	Max Myerson..	7,500
G. L. McConihe.. . . .	5,000	E. F. Smith..	7,500
Mrs. McQuaid Estate....	7,500	Mrs. J. F. Young	5,000
R. G. Ross..	12,000	Mrs. H. A. L'Engle....	5,000
Dr. E. Sabel..	5,000	William Byrne..	6,000
Dr. C. Drew.....	5,000	T. Murphy..	6,000
D. U. Fletcher..	5,000	George E. Chase.. . . .	5,000
Doctor Spratt..	7,000	C. D. Towers.....	5,000
Mrs. Rivas..	6,000	J. R. Tysen....	6,000
Mrs. Christopher.. . . .	8,000	B. H. Barnett.....	8,000
C. C. Robertson.. . . .	12,000	Mrs. C. P. Cooper.....	6,000

ACRES OF ASHES.

Mrs. E. I. Daniel..	5,000	Merrill-Stevens Eng. Co.	50,000
Mrs. John Clark....	7,500	T. Murphy..	25,000
J. Cohen..	8,000	Hotel Bristol.. . . .	7,500
A. Zacharias.... . . .	7,000	Thomas Clarke..	15,000
Mrs. D. P. Smith..	5,000	H. P. Fridenberg . . .	10,000
Mrs. Burton.... . . .	5,000	Mrs. Coffin..	10,000
Mrs. Ochus.. . . .	10,000	H. & W. B. Drew Co..	75,000
William Baya.... . . .	5,000	Cohen Bros.. . . .	60,000
Fifteen hundred other residences.... . . .	2,000,000	Montgomery.. . . .	3,000
Personal Effects	2,300,000	J. D. Horne..	15,000
STOCKS.		W. T. Simmons.... .	12,000
Commercial Bank..\$	7,000	Atlantic Pacific Tea Co.	7,000
I. E. Baird.... . . .	15,000	W. G. Clarke Co.... .	10,000
Green Engraving Co....	2,000	Furchgott.. . . .	150,000
S. F. Hall.. . . .	10,000	J. C. L'Engle	10,000
H. E. Clark.... . . .	15,000	Marvin Shoe Store.....	25,000
Benedict, Pollak & Co..	60,000	Kress & Co.....	15,000
Emery & Co.....	40,000	R. D. Knight Co.. . .	20,000
E. F. Clark.. . . .	45,000	Greenleaf & Crosby Co..	50,000
Charles Marvin Co.....	15,000	Hughes Drug Co.....	6,000
Shad Bros.... . . .	15,000	Fries Drug Store..	6,000
Stafford & Ward.... .	20,000	First National Bank....	10,000
Florida Hardware Co..	30,000	F. Williams, Sons & Co.	20,000
State Bank of Florida..	12,000	C. C. Bettes.. . . .	10,000
John C L'Engle..	15,000	S. B. Hubbard Co..	150,000
W. B. DeWitt.... . . .	2,000	Metropolis.. . . .	15,000
W. A. Bours.. . . .	15,000	A. B. Campbell Co.. . .	25,000
Carder & Campbell.. .	5,000	Knabe Piano Co.. . . .	7,000
Hooker & Lightbody ..	3,000	A. F. Land.. . . .	3,000
National Bank State of Florida	10,000	McCastle.... . . .	3,000
Fetting & Reichard . . .	15,000	East Florida Printing Co	25,000
Lewis H. Reiley.... .	10,000	William Clarke..	7,500
Christie-Groover Drug Co	30,000	E. E. Cleaveland..	30,000
John G. Christopher.. .	25,000	C. A. Clark	10,000
George E. Chase.. . . .	25,000	J. R. Porter.. . . .	15,000
Gus Muller	25,000	Johnson Law Co.. . . .	7,000
Iseman-Clausen Co.. .	20,000	Dignan & O'Brien..	7,000
John Zahm.... . . .	7,000	J. D. Grether..	7,000
John McAllister.. . . .	7,000	William Byrne.. . . .	20,000
		C. Tyler.. . . .	3,000
		F. A. Chapman..	5,000
		George W. Clark.... .	10,000
		Clark & Burns.. . . .	7,000

ACRES OF ASHES.

R. Grunthal..	5,000	Hartridge Block and	
W. F. Seeba..	7,000	Docks..	15,000
Placide Hotel..	15,000	Bettelini Block and	
F. A. Pellerin..	15,000	Docks..	12,000
Vail Carriage Works....	20,000	Herkimer Block and	
S. Genovar..	3,000	Docks..	30,000
F. D. Genovar..	10,000	Durkee Block and Docks	40,000
Law Exchange..	30,000	Mohawk Block and	
Mickleman & Co..	7,000	Docks..	75,000
Smith Laundry..	15,000	Jacksonville Yacht Club	4,000
Richardson Laundry.. . .	15,000	Gardner boatyard	8,000
Rhodes Furniture Co .. .	10,000	Myer and Muller Block	
About 200 other smaller		and Wharf..	40,000
stores and business		Walsh Block..	7,000
houses	550,000	Bristol Hotel Block and	
		Wharf	30,000
Total..	\$ 2,180,000	Christopher Block and	
		Wharf..	20,000
SOUTH SIDE BAY STREET.		A., V. & W. Ry. Block	
Business Blocks.		and Wharf....	40,000
Hazeltine Block and		A., V. & W. Depot	
Docks	\$ 50,000	Block and Wharf	50,000
Holmes Block and		Jacksonville Marine Rail-	
Docks	45,000	way Block and Wharf.. .	10,000
Baya & McQuaid Block		T. Murphy's Block and	
and Docks..	35,000	Wharf..	15,000
McConihe Block and		Merrill-Stevens Block	
Docks	50,000	and Wharf..	35,000
Able Block and Docks.. .	30,000	Alsop Block and Wharf	5,000
Benedict Block and		Business houses scattered	150,000
Docks....	30,000		
Holmes Block and		Total..	\$ 1,030,000
Docks....	35,000		
Bostwick Block and		NORTH SIDE BAY STREET.	
Docks..	35,000	Bisbee Block..	\$ 15,000
Fitzgerald Block	7,000	Witschen Block	15,000
Rivas Block..	7,000	Gardner Block..	100,000
Basnett Block and Docks	75,000	Holmes Block..	20,000
Reed Block and Docks.. .	20,000	Baldwin Block	50,000
Baird Block and Docks.. .	15,000	L'Engle Block.... . . .	20,000
Gaskins Block and		Rivas Block..	15,000
Docks.....	15,000	Bettelini Block..	15,000
		Reed Block..	40,000

ACRES OF ASHES.

First National Bank Block..	20,000
Holmes Block..	30,000
Togni Block..	15,000
Morrison Block..	10,000
Holmes Block..	5,000
Broward Block	8,000
Baya Block	12,000
Gonzales Block..	12,000
Morrison Block	25,000
United States Hotel Block....	60,000
Total..	495,000

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Afro. Presb. Church...\$	7,000
St. Philp's Church.. .	4,000
African M. E. Church..	8,000
Coopman Institute (colored)..	20,000
Negro High School.. .	7,000
Grammar White School	10,000
Duval White High School	10,000
County Jail	35,000
Froebe! Academy.. . . .	3,000
Massey Business College	5,000
Arlington Hotel.. . . .	10,000
Glenwood Hotel.. . . .	3,000
Operahouse..	40,000
Elk Club..	20,000
Jacksonville Telephone Company	35,000
Windsor Hotel..	75,000
Southern Bell Tel. Co..	35,000
St. James Hotel.....	125,000
Oxford Hotel..	20,000
Nooney Hotel..	20,000

Baptist Church.. . . .	15,000
Congregational Church .	10,000
Synagogue Church.. . .	15,000
Christian Church.. . . .	3,000
German Luther. Church	3,000
C. C. Church..	5,000
McTyeirø Mem. Church	45,000
Bethel Baptist Church..	20,000
African Meth. Church..	20,000
Catholic Church and buildings....	75,000
Convent buildings.. . .	35,000
Trinity Meth. Church	25,000
St. John's Church.. . .	75,000
Southern Preb. Church	5,000
City Building..	115,000
Clerk's office..	10,000
Courthouse	80,000
Armory..	40,000

Total.. \$ 1,088,000

THE TOTAL LOSS.

Public Buildings.. . . . \$	1,088,000
Stores north side Bay street	495,000
Stores south side Bay street	880,000
Stores Forsyth street....	405,000
Stores Main street.....	309,000
Residences prominent ..	785,000
Residences, 1,500 small..	2,000,000
Residences personal effects..	2,300,000
Stores, stocks of goods	1,630,000
Stores, 200 smaller.. . .	550,000
Street Railways.. . . .	30,000
Pavements..	100,000
Aggregate....	\$10,565,000

The Metropolis



FLORIDA'S GREAT Evening Newspaper

SWORN CIRCULATION OF
6000 DAILY

Although the plant of the Metropolis was destroyed by the big Jacksonville fire of May 3, this newspaper has ordered a magnificent new outfit and will soon be equipped better than ever.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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\$2.50 per six months.

\$1.25 per 3 months.

45 cts. per month.

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W. R. CARTER, Editor.

R. A. RUSSELL, Business Manager.

The Geo. W. Clark Co.

Before and After Fire.

This cut represents the home office of The Geo. W. Clark Co. previous to the great fire on May the 3rd, 190 The Geo. W. Clark Co are large manufacturers of artistic monuments and other cemetery work in marble and granite. They have an office at Hardwick, Vt, from which point they make shipments of their goods to all parts of the United States.

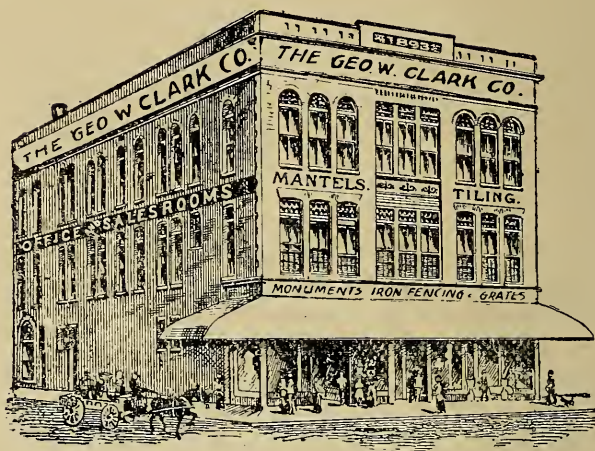
They also deal extensively in wood mantels, grates and tiling.

They had a fine establishment in this city, and were doing a large business, shipping monumental work from here to California, Nevada, Arizona and other western states. They have agents in every state in the union.

Although they were heavy losers by the fire, they were the first firm to put up a new building and re-establish their business at the old stand. They are now advertising more extensively than ever for agents to sell their goods. They are prepared to make prompt shipments of mantels, grates and tiling from factories at Knoxville, Tenn., Louisville, Ky, and Zanesville, O.

Since the fire they have gone extensively into the building material line, and expect to take an important part in the re-building of Jacksonville.

This cut represents their temporary quarters, although they have made arrangements for a permanent brick block which will shortly be erected on the lot now occupied by their marble works.



Florida's Great Daily

The Times-Union and Citizen

ESTABLISHED 1863.

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**Daily, Sunday and
Semi-Weekly**

AT

Jacksonville

BY

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T. T. STOCKTON, Business Mgr., Sec'y and Treas.

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Tampa Office and Works, LaFayette St. and the Bridge
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A. B. Gilkes,

Alfred Rodd,

ASSOCIATED ARCHITECTS

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Pres. & Gen. Mgr.,
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Wilson & Edwards,

ARCHITECTS

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City

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